

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 20, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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36 | 21*
HIWAY CITY

Celica GT Liftback with 5-speed overdrive transmission.

49 | 36*
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Corolla 2-Door Sedan (with 1.2 liter engine not available in California or designated high altitude areas)

39 | 28*
HIWAY CITY



Corolla Liftback Deluxe with 4-speed manual transmission.

35 | 21*
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34 | 24*
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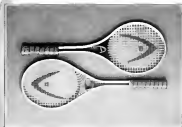
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



REMOTE CAMERAS AWAIT THE POUNDING OF HOOVES ALONG THE BELMONT RAIL.

How and where a horse will run is less of a problem for bettors than for photographers. As any of the seven **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** photographers assigned to Seattle Slew's attempt at the Triple Crown in the Belmont last week would point out, the better's \$2 is riding only on the horse's nose at the finish, whereas photographers need to capture high points all along the way.

The ideal shot is usually the one from the camera the photographer is holding, and Belmont Park is good in this respect because the start and finish of the mile-and-one-half stakes are the same, offering the photographer hand-held opportunities at the wire. "But you never know what part of the track is going to be most important," says Director of Photography Jerry Cooke. "That is the value of remote cameras." Another plus is the ability to get those shots seemingly taken under the horses' hooves with cameras set up as in the picture above.

On the other hand, "Every time you set up a remote camera, you take a chance," says Cooke. "If the lens you selected turns out to have been wrong, for instance, you get a photograph of sand—in focus and properly exposed, of course." There is also the weather. "Photographers love sunshine, but will settle for a consistently cloudy day. Anything but the sun moving in and out. Every time the light changes, the exposure must be adjusted, and with remote cameras scattered around the track, you do a lot of running."

You also do a lot of praying. A thoroughbred runs at approximately 36

miles an hour, covering a mile and a half in about 2½ minutes, so that it is moving at more than 50 feet per second. A motor-driven camera shoots at four frames per second, which means a horse will move more than 12 feet for each frame the camera fires. A photographer focuses for the median and hopes the horse is there at the ¼ second the camera is triggered. If his luck is out, he will capture the horse coming and going, both too early and too late. He also hopes his assistant is correctly programmed to trigger the remote. "First-time assistants have been known to become so interested in a tight race they forget to fire," Cooke says. An ideal assistant would be something like R2-D2, the squatty robot of *Star Wars*; **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s answer is Anthony Donna, who, though a mere human, has been known to activate three separate remotes, using hand switches and foot pedals.

A safer solution is to cover more track with a wide-angle lens, but this produces a smaller and less dramatic picture. The power and grace of a moving horse are best shown in a big image.

As things turned out on Saturday, the cover photograph was taken by Heinz Klutmeier (who also took the pictures on pages 20-21), shooting down from a stand near the finish, but the shot of the first turn, which opens the story on pages 16-17, came from a remote set up by Tony Triolo.

Sack Meyer

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Yesterday

by DWIGHT DAVIS

RUBE ELDRIDGE IMBIBED SO OFTEN HIS BEST PITCH WAS THE BARLEYCORN FADE

Some folks in Carolina say that Jesse Morgan Eldridge had a million-dollar arm and a 10¢ head. And as proof they offer the fact that, after Eldridge left the red-clay diamond at the brickyard near his home in Glenola, a central North Carolina hamlet, he became a legend in baseball's minor leagues. Nevertheless, he spurned all opportunities to follow the many others who sprouted among the tobacco rows of the Tar Heel State and blossomed in the majors.

Instead, Eldridge was content to remain a country bumpkin—he was nicknamed Rube, of course—who bounced from one club to another along the fringe of big-time baseball, mixing hard drinking and horseplay with incredible performances on the mound. In fact, it was his reputation for belting moonshine and then mowing down batters that resulted in his most feared pitch being called the "barleycorn fadeaway."

While cowering in the minors from 1906 to 1927, Eldridge, a slender left-hander, won 312 games and pitched both ends of no fewer than 100 doubleheaders. It was his fabled stamina that earned Eldridge his alternate nickname, Iron Man. One season, while playing for High Point in North Carolina's old Piedmont League, he won 22, lost three and had two ties in the first half of a split season.

When he was 17 Eldridge left sandlot ball for the pros, and in 1909 he made his first appearance for the classy Greensboro Patriots. The first batter he faced tripled and the second doubled, but then Eldridge regained the pinpoint control that he had acquired as a boy hurling acorns through knotholes in his father's barn and killing squirrels with rocks. He allowed only two other hits the rest of the way and won 2-1. Afterward Manager Pop McKeitt sprayed a mouthful of tobacco juice across Eldridge's backside, elbowing the pitcher in the ribs and gave him a big grin. It was a signal that the kid was on his way up.

During the next 11 seasons Eldridge

played for eight teams in the Piedmont, Virginia, South Atlantic and Blue Ridge leagues. He was scouted on three occasions by Connie Mack, who told Eldridge that he could make it in the majors "if you'd only behave," but Eldridge put a higher price on his fun and freedom than a fat baseball salary.

He was sold six times to clubs in the majors and high minors and was drafted five times. On every occasion but one he refused to report, explaining, "I don't want to play anywhere I can't walk home."

The one time he gave in to a slight itch to travel was in 1920 when he reported to Columbus, Ohio, of the American Association, then the fastest Triple-A league in the country. In his only performance, he pitched a five-hitter and beat Toledo 4-2. Then he headed to a bar to celebrate. When a black man plopped himself on a stool next to Eldridge, the startled son of the South jumped up and immediately began preparing for his return home. A teammate deciphered a message, written in lipstick, that Eldridge had scrawled on the mirror in his hotel room. "I like you people," it read, "and I like your town, but the corn likker is better in Glenola."

In 1920 Eldridge signed with the Charlotte Hornets of the South Atlantic League, where a sportswriter acclaimed him as "The Duke of Spero." The latest nickname derived from a conversation during which Eldridge inexplicably had announced that his hometown was Spero, a crossroads south of Glenola. For the rest of his life Eldridge was as well known as The Duke as he was as Rube.

By now, Eldridge had begun to lose some of his stuff, which led another Charlotte sports reporter to inquire, "Rube, I've been sitting behind the plate all season and have yet to see you put anything on the ball. How do you fool such good hitters as Teague and Gooch?"

Replied Eldridge, "Well, son, the boys are up there looking for something on the ball, and there ain't nothing on it. That's what fools 'em. Psychology, son."

Although Charlotte was less than 100 miles from Glenola, Eldridge wanted to play even nearer home, preferably with High Point, which was just a few cow pastures from the old brickyard. Thus, he left the Hornets after one season and hooked up with High Point, where the

fans regularly plied him with booze, figuring the more he imbibed, the better his fadeaway would fade. Such matters as the magnitude of Rube's fade were of no small import in High Point, where it was not unusual for merchants to close up shop on the afternoon of a big game so that they could see Eldridge pitch.

In his first start for his new team, Eldridge, fortified with a long pint of white lightning and a huge chew of Brown Mule, beat Danville 3-1; in the second game of that afternoon's doubleheader, his pitching gave High Point a 1-0 victory. Afterward, Eldridge said, "It was them deceptive wrinkles and shimmies. I got better as I perspired more profusely."

On another afternoon, Eldridge was warming up when a fan yelled, "Hey Rube, who's going to pitch the second game?" Rube stopped his warm-up, walked to where all could see him, doffed his cap and announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Eldridge will pitch the first game and, if he wins, Doc Sloan will pitch the second." Rube leaned heavily on Sloan's liniment, a potent medicine He called it "my salary whip."

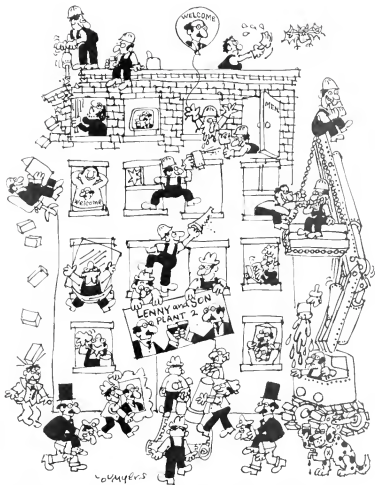
Eldridge was still with High Point when, at age 37, he retired from pro ball. Thereafter he did some barnstorming with semi-pro teams. He did not pitch his last game until he was 63. Years after leaving the game, Eldridge looked back on his career, saying, "I never had no frightening fireball, but sometimes on a real hot day, when I was stinking sweaty, I could throw real hard in a pinch. My two best pitches was a change-up and a knuckleball."

"That knucker of mine was one of the great sights on earth. If you ever tried to hit a hummingbird with a broom handle, you know what I mean. It just went up near the plate, danced a jig and exploded. I never knewed whether it was going to break inside or outside, but it'd stay in the strike zone."

"I was knowed to have needle-threading control. It started when I was a kid throwing rocks. Worse whupping I ever got was once when my old man handed me three smooth rocks and sent me out in the woods, and I come back with only two squirrels."

Neither corn likker nor too many doubleheaders did Eldridge in. He died in 1968, at the age of 80, in his beloved Glenola, a victim of old age.

END



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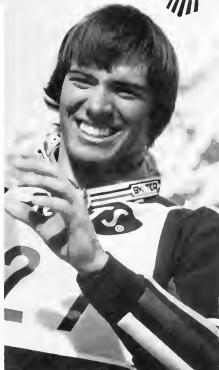


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BOOKTALK

by JIM KAPLAN

BLACK FOOTBALL COACH JAKE GAITHER GETS HIS DUE IN THIS LIVELY ACCOUNT

The title of George E. Curry's book, *Jake Gaither: America's Most Famous Black Coach* (Dodd, Mead & Company, \$7.95), is nothing if not ironic. Given black football's longtime obscurity, there never was a truly celebrated black coach. Now, even though football games between black schools are being televised in places like Yankee Stadium, it may be too late for recognition. Plagued by financial problems, absorbed by larger state schools, their best prospects often picked up by integrated programs, black schools can no longer routinely field national powers. So Gaither, here properly immortalized, may be remembered less as a trendsetter than a fossil.

During the 25 years (1945-69) that he coached football at Florida A&M, Gaither had a 203-36-4 record, won six national black collegiate championships, produced an All-America player every year but one and was named small college Coach of the Year three times. "I want my boys to be *up-de-mo-ble* and *ho-ile*," he said—and those words, should probably be the title of the book. The man was a motivator supreme. Players would swear by him, writes Curry, a staff writer for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, adding with only slight exaggeration, that if Gaither asked them to go through a brick wall, his players would ask "which one?" He was no slouch as a tactician either: inventing the split-line T formation offense.

Still, Gaither emerges as a controversial and contradictory man, perhaps as a result of coaching a black team in the Old South. Never coached by a black himself, he went along with Jim Crow laws and was accused of buttressing up segregationists. "Uncle Tom" cried his detractors, but Gaither was able to get almost anything he wanted from Whitey, including having probation restrictions lifted for Bob Hayes, who had been convicted of a minor crime in his teens. Moreover, Gaither's reputation enabled him to set up the first interracial game in the Deep South—a 1966 contest with Tampa University. Gaither played favorites, ran up scores, whined about officiating and was accused by many who knew him of being power-crazy. But this is the same man who, although he gave money out of his own pocket to some of his players, so they could stay at A&M, never was accused of financial improprieties, indeed, he had every bit as good a press as Bear Bryant.

Today, Curry says, the lights go out early in the Gaither home. And with them go the glory days of black football.

END

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

A dramatic landscape photograph of a cowboy herding cattle across a vast, open plain at sunset or sunrise. The sky is a deep, vibrant orange-red, and the mountains in the background are silhouetted against the bright light. The foreground is dark and textured, suggesting a field of grass or brush. In the lower foreground, two packs of Marlboro cigarettes are prominently displayed: a red pack on the left and a gold pack on the right. Several cigarettes are shown protruding from the top of the packs. The overall mood is one of ruggedness and freedom, evoking the classic American West.

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SCORECARD

Edited by RYN REID

POLITICAL PRISONER

At the Munich Olympics of 1972, no champion competed stronger or with more joy than John Akai-Bua of Uganda. In setting the world record for the 400-meter hurdles and indulging his delight after the race, Akai-Bua was a splash of joy on Munich's tragic backdrop.

For the last 11 months, however, sadness has been Akai-Bua's lot. Denied permission to compete alone out of his country, Akai-Bua has not raced internationally since last June, and though he still trains, he has given thought to ending his track career.

A member of the Lango tribe that Idi Amin, the sinister Ugandan dictator, has been purging, Akai-Bua described his situation to Bill Brubaker of *The Miami News* in an overseas phone call last week.

While his African and American friends have feared for his life, Akai-Bua told Brubaker that he was in no danger. He is a policeman in Kampala, and he does not want to leave Uganda permanently because he has 15 family members to support.

"I may run no more," Akai-Bua said to Brubaker. "I have still been training but I can't get any competition anymore. It's because of the National Council of Sports. They won't give me clearance to compete out of Uganda. They just don't want me to go. They want me to carry a coach with me. I don't need a coach. We have only one national coach, and if I take him, the rest of the athletes in the country—about 30 of them—will stay without a coach."

Appraised of his friends' concern, Akai-Bua said, "I'm glad they care about me. Naturally I'm disappointed. Sometimes I think of quitting track forever, but I think Edwin Moses [world-record setter in last week's AAU meet, page 24] needs me. Only I can challenge him, nobody else. In my spare time I don't do anything. I just sit and listen to records. You know, Diana Ross."

Akai-Bua asked Brubaker for a favor: "Can you send me your old copies of

Track & Field News? I want to see what's been happening. Maybe next year I will run. I hope." So do we.

KIMMET COMES THROUGH

When Portland beat Philadelphia for the NBA Championship, the Blazers' success was attributed to teamwork, a sometime thing for the 76ers. It seems, however, that destiny may also have had a hand in the proceedings.

Writing in the *Oregonian*, Larry Colton recalls a story based in part on the journals of Lewis and Clark and another explorer, ironically named David Thompson, in a book of Northwest history called *Flood Tide of Empire*.

The journals tell how the explorers met an Indian chief in Oregon who was accompanied by a man described as "... about 25 years of age with long red hair, fair skin and a partially freckled face. He is slender, remarkably well made and at least half-white."

On the redhead's arm was tattooed the name of his father, an English sailor who had deserted the sea for Indian life. The father's name was Jack Ramsay.

Oh, yes, it seems that part of the research for the book came from another volume. Its title? *The Doctor in Oregon*.

SMALL WONDER

With a base hit has last time at the plate, Sid Davis of Bear River High School, Tremonton, Utah, would have ended his three-year varsity career with a batting average of 1.000. As it was, Davis finished as one of the most productive members of his team—despite a career average of .000.

Sparking more rallies than any other Bear, Davis went to the plate 24 times and drew 24 walks. Davis stands 3' 9", and crouching at the plate in a stance developed by his coach, Dick Green, he offers opposing pitchers a strike zone about the size of a milk carton.

"He's given us maybe 10 victories over the past three years," Green says of his disciplined pinch hitter.

"Sometimes I'd just like to smack it," Davis admits, "but I know that wouldn't help the team."

NOT-SO-MIDGET DIGITS

As everyone knows, professional football is the vocation of some rather large people. Just how large has now been pointed out, with the fingers no less, of the Oakland Raiders.

Last week the Raiders received their championship rings, emblematic of victory in Super Bowl XI. While the average man has a ring size of 10½, the Raider average is 12½, with some 14s among their number. The biggest went to Otis Sistrunk, the 6' 4", 273-pound defensive lineman, who wears a size 17. That ring is almost 3½ inches in circumference and 1½ inches in diameter.



The club record, however, is still held by Dan Birdwell, a defensive tackle who retired in 1970. Birdwell's ring, a size 19, was so large that the knot of a necktie could pass through it.

The all-time record probably belongs to Bronko Nagurski, whose ring is in the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio. Nagurski's size-23 ring measures approximately 4½ inches in circumference and 1½ inches in diameter.

HURRY ON DOWN TO BELMONT

The 70,000 people who showed up at Belmont Park Saturday did so despite the best efforts of the New York Racing Association to keep the race a secret. No wonder the NYRA is in trouble. It has lost thousands of customers to the OTB parlors strewn throughout the city, a few more because of labor difficulties, and

continued



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Fred Masters—*"No matter what I tried—dieting, exercise—I was never able to get rid of the roll of excess inches around my mid-section. Then Astro-Trimmer came along and reduced my waistline 6 full inches—from 38½ to 32½ inches—in just 3 days without dieting. The inches have never come back! This has to be, without a doubt, the world's greatest inch reducer!"*

HERE IS HOW IT WORKS:



Before using the Astro-Trimmer, Fred's waistline was 38½ inches. He was not happy with his mid-section. He was looking for a way to lose the inches around his waistline. He was looking for a way to lose the inches around his waistline.



Now Fred simply relaxes a few moments with the Astro-Trimmer. He is already feeling the effects. He is already feeling the effects. He is already feeling the effects.



After his brief period of relaxation, Fred's waistline is already 32½ inches. He is already feeling the effects. He is already feeling the effects. He is already feeling the effects.

AFTER
Fred
Masters
6 full
waistline in
just 3 days

Starting discovery—the Astro-Trimmer has got to be the most sensationally effective and the most fun to use! Sensation of all time! It is a most of ease, comfort and efficiency to use. The Astro-Trimmer is totally unique design consists of 2 double layered belt: a soft nonporous inner thermal liner which wraps completely around your mid-section producing a marvelous feeling of warmth and support—and a sturdy outer belt that attaches you to the super duo-stretch Astro-Bands which you hook to any convenient doorway. These duo-stretch bands enhance your slightest movements and transmit their effect—greatly magnified—directly to the inner thermal liner of the belt to produce an absolutely unequalled inch-reducing effect. In fact for sheer inch loss, the Astro-Trimmer is supreme. Try it for yourself—at our risk—just slip on the belt, hook it up, stretch and perform one of the easy-to-do movements in the instruction booklet and watch the inches roll off. Men and women from 17 to 70 in all degrees of physical condition are achieving sensational results from this ultimate inch-reducer. Results like these:

G. Fuller—*"Using the Astro-Trimmer just a few minutes a day I lost over 4 inches from my waistline in the first 3 days. It's just incredible."*

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BEFORE

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For Cash ☐

stands to lose who knows how many when the Meadowlands in New Jersey opens its first thoroughbred meeting in September. NYRA Chairman Duncy Phipps needed a bang-up selling job. So, the week of the Kentucky Derby, just one month before the Belmont, Phipps hired a marketing expert and gave him the title vice-president in charge of marketing. It seemed like a smart move.

But new VP Ted Demmon admits that the only thing he knew about horses is which end the tail is on. His previous job was marketing vice-president for Hardee's, the "hurry on down to" hamburger joints, where he was also in charge of product development. While Phipps hasn't yet assigned him that job, someone at the NYRA should have told Demmon that a man named Billy Turner has just spent a year developing the hottest product the NYRA could have hoped for. Yet just three days before Seattle Slew was to become the first undefeated Triple Crown winner in the history of racing, the television ads in New York were still inviting people to come on out to beautiful Belmont Park, where, just maybe, some afternoon they might see another Secretariat.

FIGURE THIS ONE

Another facet of the lively ball controversy has been revealed by William Weiss, historian for the Class A California League who notes the phenomenon is not limited to the majors. Hitters have been on a tear in Weiss' six-team league, with homers up 98%, triples 34%, doubles 24% and runs scored 19%. Batting averages also are higher with 24 regulars above .300 compared to 14 in 1976.

But ponder this: the California League has not changed baseballs. A Wilson ball is still being used and the first month many were leftovers from last year.

TWIN KILLING

A weird thing happened to Nathaniel Crosby, Bing's 15-year-old son, when he failed to qualify for the California State Amateur golf championship last week. Playing at the San Francisco Olympic Club, Nathaniel drove into the rough on the 14th hole, where he found a Titleist I. Unfortunately, he discovered it was not his ball only after he had hit it out into the fairway.

Young Crosby then asked for a committee ruling and stood aside while waving the next foursome through. It includ-

ed Matt Palacio, who also was playing a Titleist I and who rashly hit the ball Crosby had played when he came upon it.

The combination of errors cost each a two-stroke penalty. Crosby eventually took a 10 on the hole and Palacio, the 1936 state champion who also failed to qualify by one stroke, a seven.

"I'm young and there will be other chances," Nathaniel said. "From now on I'll put a special mark on my golf ball."

NAME THE RASCAL

Newspapers in San Diego and Dallas gave baseball fans an opportunity to finger the culprits responsible for the failure of the Padres and Rangers to improve their 1976 records, despite the purchase by each club of two free agents. San Diego spent \$3.25 million for Gene Tenace and Rollie Fingers, and Texas bought Doyle Alexander and Bert Campaneris for \$2 million. When the teams faltered, the *San Diego Tribune* and the *Dallas Times Herald* started polling.

In San Diego Club President Buzzie Bavasi was named chief goat on 1,111 of 2,000 ballots returned. Manager John McNamara was second with 211 (he had been fired two days before), followed by Pitching Coach Roger Craig (205), owner Ray Kroc (114), Director of Player Personnel Bob Fontaine (58), the pitching staff (35), disgruntled First Baseman Mike Ivie (32) and the entire team (22). The media drew a total of 60 raps.

The *Times Herald* survey was conducted on a Friday night at Arlington Stadium, after the Rangers had lost five of their last seven games. Of 142 fans queried, 38 found fault with Manager Frank Lucchesi, while 37 blamed the entire team. The rest of the ballots indicted Executive Vice-President Eddie Robinson, 26, owner Brad Corbett, 20, everybody, 18; the media, 2; and General Manager Dan O'Brien, who had but one critic.

While the San Diego and Texas polls evolved from team failures, the Baltimore Orioles are taking a survey to discover why quality performance isn't reflected at the box office. Contending for first place in the AL East, the O's have drawn almost 70,000 below their attendance at this time last year. The problem is an old one in Baltimore, where the Orioles have not reached their attendance break-even point of 1,100,000 in the last eight seasons despite five division titles, three American League pennants and a World Series championship. The pollsters ex-

pect to interview between 12,000 and 15,000 Baltimore fans. By the end of the season, if not sooner, the Orioles hope to have a better understanding of who comes to their games and how their numbers can be increased.

BAD TRIP

The United States entry in the Intercontinental Cup basketball series returned home from Europe last week with few good words to say for international competition. The U.S. team, a group of Metro Conference all-stars, finished its two-week tour with a 2-3 record, beating Israel and Belgium and losing to Italy, Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union.

What ruined the trip for the Americans, however, was not their record but the referees, who, Coach Gale Cullitt of Cincinnati charged, were "either incompetent or just plain cheating." While we are as weary as anyone of having to listen to losing basketball coaches complain interminably about officiating, perhaps Cullitt's claim has validity. In the five games, 164 fouls were called against the U.S. compared to 114 for the opposition. The Americans outscored the Europeans from the field 204-172, but the Europeans made 165 of 224 free throws while the Americans sank 74 of 137.

A 107-85 loss to Italy epitomized the U.S. frustration. Officials George Turner of England and Alfred Drost of West Germany whistled 45 fouls against the Americans and only 18 against the Italians, who went to the free-throw line 72 times. Seven U.S. players fouled out of the game and only four were available in the last 1:34 of competition.

"I know it means a lot to those countries to beat the United States," Cullitt says, "but how far can they go? If officiating like this continues, I'd recommend the U.S. not compete in the Intercontinental Cup again."

THEY SAID IT

- Pete Rose, on the way his salary has gone up: "With the money I'm making, I should be playing two positions."
- Frank Broyles, former Arkansas football coach, on his retirement: "My wife and family are very pleased. They had all forgotten I had a good disposition."
- Gene Shue, after a team meeting at which he castigated his Philadelphia 76ers for popping off to the press: "Fifteen minutes after I told them that, one of the sportswriters had the story." **END**

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 26, 1977

HE BROUGHT



DOWN THE HOUSE

's 70,229 roared bravos, Seattle Slew won a show-stopping wire-to-wire performance in the \$181,800 Belmont Stakes and is the only undefeated Triple Crown winner in the history of the American turf by William Leggett



Enter a horse, stage left. He is nameless, and only the number 128 pasted on his hip gives him identity. It is a rainy Saturday evening in Lexington, Ky. and the brown is about to be sold, one of 4,918 yearlings put up for auction in 1975. A sales company employee has inspected the colt. His report is frank and confidential: "Well above average in size, shiny coat, bright, alert—not the most handsome individual around the head but a well-developed shoulder—a good spring of ribs (lots of room for heart and lungs)... he is, in truth, out in the right foreleg—unlikely to impede a racing career—free of worms."

The bidding starts at \$3,000, then climbs in increments of \$500 to \$7,000. After only 19 bids, the gavel of the Fasig-Tipton auctioneer comes down at \$17,500. A stopwatch shows it has taken only 90 seconds to sell the son of Bold Reasoning and My Charmer. Nobody knows that this will be Seattle Slew, a thoroughbred who will dominate his crop as Man o'War, Count Fleet, Citation, Native Dancer and Secretariat did theirs. Nobody knows that this colt will become a Triple Crown winner—the only undefeated one and the only one ever sold at public auction.

The drama of Seattle Slew has received feature billing for months, the road company winning raves as it moved through Florida, Kentucky and Maryland on its way to the colt's grandest triumph last Saturday in the \$181,800 Belmont Stakes. He now is 9-for-9 and has his Triple Crown. Wealthy Texans are clamoring to buy him, with one reported offer

of \$14 million. Now his head looks handsome indeed, and his leg pretty straight. He's a dream horse—and not just for his owners, Karen and Mickey Taylor and Jim and Sally Hill.

Swells clogged center stage in the Belmont paddock as the field was saddled for the mile-and-one-half classic. Standing alone in the wings was Alfred Vanderbilt, who a quarter of a century before raced that marvelous gray, Native Dancer, winner of 21 of 22 starts. "I've lived with a fantasy ever since," Vanderbilt said. "It is there every morning when I wake and every night when I sleep. Native Dancer was beaten in the Kentucky Derby. In my fantasy I put the horse that beat him in the stall right next door. I see a shudrow of champions and those who defeated them. Dark Star side by side with Native Dancer, Upset with Man o'War... Sooner or later all horses get beat, so you should have the extra stall ready. Slew could be beaten today or the next time out. But I hope the young people who own him don't have that stall and never need one."

Vanderbilt smiled. "When great horses come along, they make you dream all sorts of dreams," he said. One can only wonder about the fantasies of the Taylors and the Hills, who in 22 months have seen the value of their Lexington purchase increase some 8,000-fold. Conservatively, the horse is worth \$12 million, which is just about twice what Secretariat was priced at four years ago. If Slew had lost the Belmont, the figure would be far different. His market value would have been cut in half.



The Mickey Taylors (left) and Sally Hill perch.

Though Slew has never been handled like Secretariat, 70,229 showed up to see him win the final leg of the Triple Crown on a dank, wind-whipped day which was more than the 67,605 Secretariat drew to the same classic in 1973.

Slew smothered the Belmont field completely, leading from start to finish that his seven opponents looked as if they were running in place. Run Dusty K challenged early in the backstretch. Slew just moved out a notch. A half-mile later Sanhedrin made a bid, but to no avail. Slew drew away as he headed home. A few jumps before the winning post, jockey Jean Cruguet, once a 20-month bartender in the French army, stood high in his stirrups and waved his whip to the crowd in jubilation. It was a bizarre gesture, one that will be recalled whenever people talk about horses or those who ride them.

Slew won by four lengths. His trainer, 37-year-old Billy Turner, called it the easiest race of his career. Run Dusty K was second and Sanhedrin finished 2½ lengths back in third.

The track was listed as muddy, but Belmont's racing surface dries quickly in a wind like the one that blew on Saturday. By post time the going was wet-fast. Slew handled it with ease, taking an almost usual 2:29½ to roll to his triumph.

On a rainy morning three days before, Cruguet declared, "Slew will win. Oh, I have no doubt, no concern. He is growing now, becoming a man. Every day he learns more. He is a related horse. He knows who he is. People ask why doesn't he win by more lengths, why doesn't he

Having shaken off Run Dusty K on the backstretch and Sanhedrin in the final turn, the star coasted in.





The million-dollar baby in a \$ and 10 cent coat

set track records every time he runs? People say Jean Cruguet is a dummy. I know that. I read, I hear. When you ride in France, as I did, you learn not to win races by a lot, because if you do the handicapper will pile weight on your horse. I have said all along that we really haven't seen how good Seattle Slew is. There should be no great mystery about the Belmont. He will come out of the gate and, boy! We will be on the lead. Nobody can run with him. The horses that have tried got burned. He will run well enough to win. No records. Just win. Maybe you will not see all of Seattle Slew in the Belmont. We do not really know how much of the all there is."

Cruguet had a spectacular Belmont week. Riding only 11 horses, he won eight races, picking up almost \$200,000 in purses. If he seemed cocky for his highly-flirtatious finish on Saturday, he had been cautious earlier. He took no mounts on Tuesday afternoon so that he could not possibly be hit by a suspension that might have cost him the ride on Slew. And he grounded himself for two days before the Belmont so that he could rest and avoid any possibility of injury.

There is an old saying around the track that "It is not what the people do to the horses that is interesting, it's what the horses do to the people." Cruguet is suddenly savvy and riding superbly. He scored with four of his six mounts on Belmont day, including the 42-40-1 Road Princess in the Mother Goose Stakes.

Then there is Turner, who finds himself a celebrated horseman. He has taught Slew, a strong-willed animal, to move

from race to race and track to track as sprightly as a squirrel going from limb to limb. If sportswriters have suggested that Turner trains his horse from Exposito's Tavern, which is close by the Belmont stable gate, it is simply because that cool, hospitable place is a nice backdrop for Turner to play out his part. In the weeks preceding the race, Seattle Slew bumper stickers were placed behind the bar, and the pocket fence outside was painted yellow and black in Slew's honor.

Turner first went to Exposito's as a young steeplechase rider. He was having difficulty getting mounts and soon became known as Turnpike Turner for his willingness to answer calls of trainers coming into the bar. Could he ride in Jersey tomorrow? In Delaware? In Maryland? Turner would jump in his car and go off to compete. He always returned, and he was there after the Belmont.

Before Turner arrived on Saturday night, a greeting card was passed around the bar for people to sign. When opened, a bird popped out and the greeting read, "Thank you for doing something to crow about." When Turner received the card, which had been signed by at least 100 people, he said, "I will remember this more than all the trophies."

After being bought at auction, Slew was sent to Turner's farm in Maryland, where his wife Paula started breaking the colt. "He was funny looking," Paula says. "Didn't look like a racehorse at all. There was a piece of him here and a piece of him there. He had a big body and a big head and a little pony's tail. His mind hadn't caught up with his body. We called him Baby Huey after the cartoon character who is always doing everything wrong. But we worked him two or three miles and he started to learn things, and slowly we began to feel that we had something."

"But we didn't know we had anything like this. We got to Kentucky for the Derby and were going out to the barn one morning when the reality dawned on me. We had the favorite for the highest race in America, and all the papers were telling the story of Seattle Slew. You are supposed to go about these things with dignity. You are supposed to be cool. Boy, is the Slew Crew cool. We set out for Churchill Downs that morning with great dignity, all right. The Taylors picked up the Hills and then picked up Billy and me, but we had an artist, a friend of ours,

and his two children along. Most people would have gotten another car or called a cab. Not the Slew Crew. Nine people piled into the car and at the track we all tumbled out like a circus act. Some days Huey has all the dignity and the rest of us come up short."

When Seattle Slew reached the eighth pole in the Belmont, Paula Turner suddenly started sobbing. "Huey," she said, "Baby Huey. My goodness, you turned beautiful."

Now there will be an intermission. Seattle Slew will rest for at least two months before starting back to work on the grass course at Saratoga. He could run in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp on Oct. 2. Also, New York's Governor Hugh Carey is promoting the idea of a Labor Day meeting between Slew and Forego, but not a match race ("Match races are exercises in idiocy," Turner says). Slew could also go the more natural route and meet Forego in the Woodward Handicap and the Marlboro Cup at Belmont in the fall.

All Turner is saying is, "It's time for the Slew Crew to put their feet up and think about things for a while. And darned if there aren't a lot of things to think about."

CONTINUED

The triumph capped a 4-for-6 day for Cruguet



REVERIE BETWEEN THE ACTS

by Douglas S. Leoney



It was at 3:30 a.m. last Saturday, an hour when even most of frenetic New York takes a rest, that Seattle Slew started knocking about in Stall 2, Barn 54 at Belmont Park. He had spent a routine night, with three stretches of lying down and three stretches of standing up, the horse equivalent of rolling over and rearranging pillows without disturbing one's sleep.

Now Slew is signaling for breakfast. Responding is Chet Taylor, father of Mucky Taylor. Chet dumps two quarts of oats into a rubber bucket. Silently, Chet, like Mickey, is a Washington state

logger who feels the only thing better than one word is no words. Then he moves out of Slew's view. Why? He gives a speech: "Because who wants somebody watching them in their bedroom? It's not polite." Slew spends better than an hour eating and dozing, like a gluttonous and fawned-over king who knows that his every whim will be catered to. It will be.

With the night now giving way to an uncertain pink glow over Long Island, the day starts on which Seattle Slew will complete his Triple Crown. It would be nice to report that his day of triumph was highlighted by visits from the high and the mighty, by a flood of telegrams, by thousands anxious to pay homage at his barn, by the painting of a commissioned work and by the mayor naming a street for him. Not so. Slew's barn is a place of tedium and boredom.

That is the irony. For on the day that belonged to Slew, on the day that tens of thousands came to Belmont and millions more watched on television, the horse was largely ignored—save for those few moments on the racetrack. Of course, any athlete who is a weak conversationalist tends to get ignored.

Slew's world around Barn 54 is utterly different from the hoopla and partying and wagering that swirl elsewhere. There is a different rhythm around the barn; it is an odd environment where there is not much to do but wait. Which, goes human thinking, is just what the horse likes. In Slew's case, he has almost 14 hours to kill. At 5:22 a.m., groom John Polston, 33, arrives, and Slew promptly makes a grab for his hat. "To be truthful," says Polston, "I don't like horses. But I do like what they can do for you." Polston views his job as simply the underpinning for his principal work: gambling. (The day before, he says, he won \$90 playing poker.) No gambling on Slew, though. Says Polston, "When I realized he would be a nice horse, I was in a bad streak and I didn't want to jinx him." Off come the protective bandages on Slew's legs as other employees start arriving.

Slew, clearly full of himself, is taken to the track at 6:45 a.m. for a trifling gal-



Grogg's understudy, Mike Kennedy, and Bill

lop in the mud. Everyone swears Slew has never looked so good nor been so businesslike, making only one buck and one squeal before getting down to work. I ever a horseman said anything else, time would stop. Polston washes the mud off with lukewarm water (lesser animals of ten have to endure cold blasts from the garden hose) and later scrubs Slew's legs with surgical soap.

By 8:07 a.m. Slew is back in his stall where he will remain until the race. A kind of waiting malaise sinks in. The television people leave; reporters do, too.



Morning rub-a-dub-dub from head to stringy tail



Polston and Chet Taylor search for a gambler



Turner (on pony) takes Slew on the down patrol.

Cecil Murphy, one of the men who help watch Slew, whittles on a 2-by-2-inch piece of pine with a \$14 stock knife. Whittling is the classic time-waster and thus has generally fallen from favor, because it's so obvious one is doing nothing. Murphy cut himself twice during the Preakness. He says, "I have to cut myself before it seems like a knife is any good." Other major activities are leaning on fences, drinking coffee and digging in dirt with feet. Says Murphy, "All this waiting is obnoxious, but that's the way it is."



Cecil Murphy tries to whittle away the hours.

Conversation tends to be not about the race but about the weather, which is uncertain. Billy Turner hurries around asking, "What do you think?" He doesn't really care. Meanwhile, Slew does nothing except stand with his backside to the front of the stall. "I like it," says Mickey Taylor, "since that's the only view any of the other horses ever get of him." Slew gets more out at 10 a.m., but not a fresh bed because he would eat the new straw, which could make him lacy for the race. How does Polston know that Slew likes hard rock on the radio in the mornings, soft jazz in the afternoons? "Because he likes what I like." Nice match.

The malaise grows and each event takes on great importance. At 12:52 p.m. the trash man comes and puts a new liner in the can. There is discussion about that. At 2:01 the phone rings and Polston, Murphy and Chet Taylor all volunteer to answer it. Murphy observes at 2:05 that the doves around Barn 54 are "awful tame." Polston says at 2:18 that the \$3.50 steak at a track restaurant is pretty good; the Pinkerton man says he doesn't like steak. That ends that discussion. A telegram arrives at 2:45 for Karen Taylor. There is discussion about that, including who will sign for it. Debby Goldman is using Blue Ribbon No. 22 metal polish at 3:15 to shine up the brass nameplates on Slew's halter and says, "We'll dazzle the opposition." She also says, "I tend to put my foot in my mouth. Sole food." There is discussion about that. Slew sleeps, standing up.

At 4:07 Polston starts wiping Slew off with a sponge. At 4:56 Turner grumbles, "I forgot to polish my shoes." And finally at 5:20, after the 14-hour wait that only seemed an eternity, Slew heads for the race. With an entourage of 22, he's like the Pied Piper. A late Pied Piper, it turns out, delayed during his journey to the paddock by parked cars which dictate a circuitous route. The race is set back nine minutes. Moments before the start, Turner grabs a stiff vodka drink, sets the outdoor record for consuming it (four seconds) and, part of a mob under the grandstand, watches his charge do his stuff. Sort of, "Frankly," says Turner, "I can't see a damn thing."

Slew is whisked through the winner's circle (his erratic manners don't permit him a lengthy stay) and he is long gone before New York Governor Hugh Carey can laud him.



A cool polisher after the champ's red-hot run.

By 7:02 Slew is back in the barn area under the old oak tree, where everyone is waiting to know if everyone else is happy. Sally Hill says, "Look at Slew. I think he knows he's a winner." Polston scrubs him up before letting him into a lush, new bed in his stall (made with two straw bales instead of the normal one, as a tribute to his achievement) and at 8:07 gives him a feast of five quarts of oats, two quarts of sweet feed, two kinds of vitamins and six carrots. By now everyone else has gone off to the victory parties. Slew wasn't invited, but he'll pick up the tab anyway. **END**

As his reward, Slew gets a bonus bale of straw.



MINNY GETS THE MAX FROM A MINIMUM

Their starting pitchers are mediocre at best, but the Twins have given their rivals the worst of it with strong hitting and a corps of stingy relievers by Larry Keith

It is October. The Minnesota Twins have just accomplished in the American League playoffs what they could seldom do in the last two regular seasons—beaten the New York Yankees. Now they are about to play the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series. Minnesota's Gene Mauch, no longer the best manager who never won a pennant, announces his pitching rotation. Dave Goltz, Paul Thormodsgard, Pete Redfern and Geoff Zahn, he says. An entire nation yawns. Nobody has heard of Goltz, Thormodsgard, Redfern and Zahn. Therefore, acting in the best interests of the American Broadcasting Company, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn declares the Twins ineligible.

If all of this seems unlikely, that's just fine, because the unlikely has become a specialty of the Twins. Compared to the team that made a belated rush at the championship in the Western Division last year, on paper this Minnesota club seems worse. But instead of suffering from the free-agent and expansion-draft losses of Pitchers Bill Campbell and Bill Singer and DH Steve Braun, the Twins have inexplicably risen to the top. They have been there, in fact, since May 3, seemingly unaffected by the weaknesses of their anonymous starting pitchers, the inconsistency of their defense and the salary holdouts of six of their players. It appears that the only problem the Twins cannot shake off is the fact that much of their success has taken place before so many empty seats in Metropolitan Stadium. With an average turnout of 11,679, Minnesota ranks 24th in major league attendance.

The absence of fans bothers Rod Carew more than any pitcher ever has. "For years people said we couldn't win," Carew says. "Well, we're winning now, and they still won't come out. It gets depressing. I wonder if they are waiting to see if we're going to collapse. Who knows, they might be in for a long wait."

If the customers wait too long, they might miss a chance to say hello to the Twins' first Western Division title in seven years and the opportunity to say goodbye to three of the men who helped most to make it possible. Carew is so disturbed by the small crowds that he is talking about taking his magic bat and .328 lifetime average elsewhere. "If it keeps up like this, I don't want to come back to play here," he says. Left-fielder Larry Hise (.314, 15 home runs and a league-leading 54 RBIs) and Centerfielder Lyman Bostock (.341) are among the unsigned players who are potential free agents.

Surprisingly, none of this has weakened the team on the field. And Mauch has shown he knows exactly what to do with the Minnesota talent, which—the starting pitchers aside—is better and deeper than he had during most of his 16 National League seasons in Philadelphia and Montreal. By both necessity and design, Mauch alters his lineup as frequently as a mother changes an infant's diapers. He platoons left-handed and right-handed hitters at second, third, right field and in the DH spot, and he makes additional adjustments to the batting order almost every time the opposition changes pitchers. He also keeps a steady flow of relief pitchers coming in from the bullpen. After one particularly complicated set of maneuvers in a game last week, Catcher Butch Wynegar, the 1976 Rookie of the Year, found himself playing third base.

Despite such unorthodox moves and a mild slump last week in which they won just three of seven games, the Twins have stayed on top of the division. In recent weeks, Minnesota's only real challengers have been the equally unlikely White Sox. The West's big guns, the free-agent-rich Angels and Rangers and the defending champion Royals, have been unable to come closer to first than four games.



Because financially pressed owner Calvin Griffith hates the very idea of free agents, the Twins did not seek to sign any. So Mauch has overcome the inadequacies of his starters with sterling relief pitching and first-rate hitting, especially now that Hise is backing up the singles of Carew and Bostock with a rash of run-scoring long balls. When this season began, the only man in the rotation with a winning major league record was Goltz, and he had been a .500 pitcher in four of his five seasons. Redfern was also a model of mediocrity, going 8-8 last out-



Carew, who already had 50 hits by the end of last week, could coast to his sixth batting title

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

This was the pattern in two of the Twins' victories last week, important one-run decisions over second-place Chicago and Kansas City. Against the White Sox, Minnesota tied the game with a run in the bottom of the ninth and won it with another in the 11th as Johnson pitched two scoreless innings. Against the Royals, another last-chance rally sent the game into extra innings. Then Hise, who had averaged only 15 home runs and 65 RBIs in his six previous full big league seasons, clouted his second homer of the night to give Reliever Dave Johnson the victory.

It is this kind of explosive run production that causes Mauch to say, "I still agonize over a loss, but when I think about our hitting, I can't wait to get back to the park the next day."

Carew alone is worth the trip. Now 31 and in his 11th season, his .388 average at the end of last week was 45 points better than his nearest rival's, putting him on target for his sixth batting title. While Carew was taking batting practice before a typical three-hit performance against New York last week, Reggie Jackson came out of the Yankee clubhouse just to admire Carew's style. "This is the only man in baseball who can bring me to the batting cage to watch him hit," Jackson said. Bostock calls Carew "No. 29" in tones of reverence. Even though Bostock is fourth among American League hitters, the same position he occupied at the end of last season, he says, "The only thing No. 29 and I have in common is that we both like to swing at the first pitch."

"Give us two pitchers like Ryan and Tanana and you could rack the table because the game would be over," says Mauch greedily. Actually, just one topflight starter would probably be enough to put the Twins in the World Series.

END

as a rookie, while both Thormodsgard and Zahn joined the staff this season after being released by other organizations. Only two years ago, Thor, as the name on the back of his uniform mercifully reads, was out of the game entirely, playing third base in a California fast-pitch softball league. He returned to baseball in 1976 after a chiropractor helped him recover from arm trouble.

It would have been easier for Mauch if these four pitchers had overcome their undistinguished pasts and pitched Minnesota to the top, but they have not.

Their cumulative record is 17-15, with no shutouts and only seven complete games. By comparison, the relief pitchers have made 93 appearances, won 15 of 22 decisions and posted 13 saves. Lefthander Tom Burgmeier and righthander Tom Johnson have done most of the work, with 11 wins and 11 saves between them in 52 appearances.

"I just tell the starters to bust it for as long as they can, and then I go to the bullpen," says Mauch. "We want them to contain the other team long enough for us to get our offense in operation."

To Minnesota's few fans, Hise has become a star



GOOD TIMES AND GOOD TIME AT L.A.

Even though berths on the U.S. World Cup team hung in the balance at the AAU championships, the atmosphere was so relaxing that grand things just seemed to happen, including gratifying comebacks and a world record **by Kenny Moore**



Last Wednesday, the day before the LAAU national track and field championships opened in Los Angeles, Morehouse University's unpaid coach, the Rev. Lloyd Jackson, brought his splendid charge Edwin Moses to the UCLA track for a final tune-up. As the Olympic 400-meter-hurdle champion and world-record holder warmed up, Jackson was approached by Fred Thompson, the effervescent coach of the Atoms Track Club of New York. "I will bet you sold money that your man breaks 48 flat," said Thompson.

Now that seemed rash. Only two men have ever run the event under 48 seconds. John Akin-Bus of Uganda did it in winning the 1972 Olympic race in 47.82, and Moses cut that to 47.64 four years later at Montreal. But this was not an Olympics, simply an AAU meet in the down year following the Games. True, there was the incentive of gaining a spot on the U.S. team that would compete in September in the inaugural World Cup. But that was so far in the future, and the chance of a berth had been presented in such a confusing manner by the AAU, that the L.A. meet seemed anything but pressure-packed. Add to this atmosphere the fact that Moses, after running 48.64 in Jamaica a month ago, had caught the flu and had missed two weeks of training. To wager against 48 flat looked like easy money.

Yet Jackson paused, and his hesitation had little to do with religious scruple. He, too, believed 48 seconds possible, and if he had any doubts, they were assuaged when Moses, running in sweat pants and into a healthy Pacific breeze, churned a hard 200 meters. Two days later Derald Harris of Los Medanos Junior College in Pittsburg, Calif., would win the national championship 200 in 20.6. In his workout Moses did 20.3. "No bet," said Jackson. The 400 hurdles was clearly going to be an event to watch.

Relaxed the AAUs may have been, but all track meets are swirling maelstroms

No money was riding on Edwin Moses when he broke his 400-meter hurdle world record in 47.45

of events, each a little whirlpool of stories. In this year's nationals the stories were more pleasant to recount than those of last year's cutthroat Olympic Trials. Here was Milan Tiff, 27, of the Tobias Striders, experimenting with a new style of landing that resembled a hook slide into second base, winning the triple jump on his fourth attempt with a spectacular 57' $\frac{1}{4}$ ", which would have been an American record by seven inches had it not been for a following wind above the two meters per second allowable. What did Tiff, an artist who sells his paintings for as much as \$3,000, do on his last two jumps when the wind had dropped and he had a chance to erase the record? He passed. "I stopped at 57 because I didn't want to lose all my friends," he said. Tiff, who views his triple jump competitors as family, would have every athlete depart a meet happy, unconcerned over placings, and it seemed fitting that he shone here, for this was a meet in which few tears were shed except those of joy or astonishment.

Before the women's 1,500, Francie Larnieu Lutz, tired and distracted after packing for a long European tour, murmured, "I'll need a miracle to win this." Jan Merrill had taken her American record in the mile in May, then three weeks ago had gotten the world record for 5,000 meters. Yet Francie sprinted the last lap in 61.6 to win in a meet-record 4:08.2. As she crossed the line her face was a kaleidoscope of emotions: relief, turning to jubilation, turning to wet-eyed gratification. And Merrill, stronger every year, came back to win the 3,000 from Candy Bremser of the Wisconsin T.C. and a weary Francie.

Again and again the remarks of champions dwelt not on dedication, but on relaxation, on fun. "I've been taking it easy," said Amie Robinson, the Olympic long-jump champion. "Not pushing myself. But during the jumping I couldn't help getting all geared up. It was a competition every jumper would want to be in." With one jump remaining, Charlton Ehiuzelen of Nigeria led with 26' $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Then Robinson, in third, "had a little fun" and sailed 27' $\frac{1}{2}$ " to win. It was his fifth national outdoor title, three of them won on the last jump.

When Iowa State's Peg Neppel, running on a sore foot, cruised to a world best of 33:15.1 in the infrequently contested women's 10,000 on the first day of the meet, she said, "I've been resting.



Scott (center) won the 1,500 from Waigwa (left) and Slack by looking out for himself at the tape

resting, resting. I was wiped out from final exams. Yesterday I knew my foot was sore and would psych me if I worked out, so I didn't run at all." Her time was more than a minute better than her previous best, and 19 seconds faster than Denmark's Loa Olofsson's world mark.

Mark Belger, the Villanova junior running for the Philadelphia Pioneer Club, even went to the beach on Friday morning. That afternoon he qualified for the 800-meter final and the next day won his first outdoor race since 1975. "I want to know who wrote the script," he said. "It had a great ending." Seventh at the end of the first lap, Belger let Mark Lech of Northeastern, NCAA champion Mark Eneyart of Utah State and Jamaican Seymour Newman all fight for the lead on the final lap. "Everybody made little spurts down the backstretch, but I just

kept driving. Then they all tightened." Belger swept by his tired rivals to win in 1:45.8, with Newman second in 1:45.9.

Carefree as the atmosphere seemed, winning was important this year because of the World Cup, scheduled for Sept. 2-4 in Dosseldorf. The eight-team affair will involve the U.S. and all-star teams from Africa, Asia, Oceania, Europe, the Western Hemisphere outside the U.S. and the top two teams in the European Cup finals, in all likelihood East Germany and the Soviet Union. Since each team will be permitted only one contestant per event, it was mandatory to win—or at least be the first American to finish—at the AAU.

Or it probably was. The AAU men's track and field committee had hedged by saying the winner "is eligible" for the U.S. World Cup team. The final selec-

continued



Larrew beat Merrill at 1,500. At 3,000 Jan won

GOOD TIMES continued

tion will be made by the coaching staff, headed by Tennessee's Stan Huntsman. The inevitable question—since the AAU has no money to run another set of trials at the end of the summer—was how much did winning in June really mean in terms of making up a team that would compete almost three months hence.

"The winners here will very likely be the representatives in Düsseldorf," said committee chairman Jimmy Carnes of Florida, "barring injury or going home and getting fat." Huntsman, to

Liquori erased a bad memory in his 5,000 win



whom the decisions will fall, seemed to offer even less security to victors. "I think we'd support the champion, but not 100%," he said. "Maybe 90%." After three days of 150% effort, that didn't seem like much.

The women did it differently, simply picking a definite team of champions and leaving it up to the athletes to withdraw and be replaced if their condition ebbed. "I think we're 10 years ahead of the men," said women's committee chairperson Dr. Evie Dennis of Denver. In terms of trust, she might have said light years.

The vagueness of the men's selection process would have brought howls were the Olympics at stake. In Los Angeles, because there were other trips available—to dual meets in Italy and Germany and Russia, to relay meets in France, to the Pan Pacific Games in Australia—there were only puffs. In the end, it seemed, the World Cup incentive spiced the meet just enough to prevent the usual post-Olympic slump, and to provide a second chance for sure Olympians who somehow weren't.

Steve Williams was one. "Often when I am in Los Angeles, I stop by the track and look at where I got hurt," he said. A hamstring pulled in this meet a year ago kept Williams from Montreal. Now he failed to qualify for the finals of the 200 meters ("I was flat," he said later), and ran second to Jamaica's Don Quarrie in the 100. "I had a good start. My finish just wasn't as violent as it should have been. If you compare my condition now to that of last year before I got hurt, it's like I was driving a Ferrari then, now I'm in a VW. Yet this year the World Cup thing rests on my little fragile back."

Marty Liquori also returned with a vengeance. Content to follow the modest pace of Gary Bjorklund in the 5,000 meters, Liquori led with 500 meters to go, exploded with 300 to go, and as he raced down the backstretch, normally a time of pain and concentration, his face showed a passage of unexpected emotions. As he reached the turn he raised a fist, not, as it may have appeared, for the TV cameras. "I was giving the fist to the exact spot on the track where I pulled a muscle last year," he said. Liquori won in 13:41.6 with business associate Greg Fredericks second. In the other distance race, the 10,000, the pattern recurred, eerily. Frank Shorter, of the athletic wear firm of the same name, beat his employee and Colorado T.C. teammate Rick

Rojas, then turned abruptly to Rojas and said, "Rick, you're fired for the summer Go to Europe."

Shorter had had a hard day, one hardly indicative of singleness of purpose—unless his purpose was total exhaustion. Awakening in Wichita at six in the morning, he had risen to do a seven-mile run for the Cancer Fund, caught a plane to Los Angeles and arrived a luxurious hour and 10 minutes before the race. He won by half a lap, in 28:19.8, saying, "I didn't really break anybody today. I just lasted longer."

For the first time in his life, young Steve Scott of Cal Irvine outlasted Kenya's Wilson Waigwa in the 1,500 meters. The pace was solid with Mike Bost ahead at the three-quarters in 2:57.3. Then Mike Slack of the Chicago T.C. bolted past with Scott after him and Waigwa coming up. "I was looking at Slack for half the turn, this eye over here and that eye on the tape," said Scott, dizzily. "In the last 50 yards Waigwa came wide and then I was looking at Slack. Waigwa and the tape, back and forth." He won by two one-hundredths of a second from Waigwa, 3:37.29 to 3:37.31. Slack hit 3:37.46.

Mac Wilkins, although he has shaved off his heavy black beard, was every bit the thrower of last year, winning the discus with the best throw in the world this year—227' 0"—then loping off to catch a plane for Finland. In his wake he left a reflective John Powell, who at the California Relays three weeks ago had thrown his weight—223—and won. After his AAU loss, Powell said, "Life has its lessons, it's just that you only seem to learn them through losing." Powell is cherished for his wry assessments, as when he told Brian Oldfield, "If I had your body I'd throw 250 feet. But God evened it out. He gave you your mind."

In the case of Edwin Moses, the Almighty has been profligate. Moses just wins and wins. His only problem seems to be that within the span of a year his excellence has become such a fixture that he is now taken for granted, and that grates on this man, not so much on his pride as on his sense of justice. "No one has dominated an event like I have, the margins I win by, the times I run, the consistency I've maintained," he says. But somehow Moses has not inspired much passion in sportswriters.

In Los Angeles it was to be different. Warming up, he was concentrating so intently that he nearly forgot the prayer

continued

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he says with Rev. Jackson before every race. "I felt uneasy and didn't know why. Then I was better as soon as we said it."

Moses started in the second lane, inside of Tom Andrews, the defending champion from the Tobus Striders. Moses trailed Andrews and Rick Walker to the first hurdle, but down the backstretch he moved ahead. There was a breeze behind him and he had to chop his steps slightly on two hurdles, and he kicked three in the course of the race, but as he curled out of the turn his lead was 10 meters and growing. The crowd was lifted, knowing that here was something extraordinary. Moses never slowed, driving over the last barrier and on through the tape with a flowing stride, his back kick so high that his heels flicked his shorts. The time was 47.45, a world record.

On his victory lap, Moses tossed large buttons with his picture on them to the crowd. The gift of a Morehouse alumnus, the buttons seem part of a Moses effort to inject a little more status into his event. "I'm my own sports information director," he said. Then he recalled, as Williams and Liquori had done, last year's AAU. "Then I made the mistake of looking back at the sixth hurdle. I had a five-yard lead, but I hit three of the next four hurdles and got fourth."

The only direction in which Moses' curiosity might be satisfied now is ahead. "Technically, the race wasn't that good," he said. "I'm still raggedy. I can see doing a 46 point something, but maybe not this year. I said after Montreal that it might be possible to run in the 45s, but now that seems years away."

One avenue is yet unexplored. Moses is the only man who has perfected running 13 steps between hurdles all the way. Most others go to 14 or 15. Jackson intends for him to experiment soon with only 12 steps down the backstretch. But time may be running out. Moses made a perfect 4.0 in engineering classes last semester and will graduate soon. Then he will go on to postgraduate studies in electrical engineering or physics. "I'm scared to look very far ahead," he said. "I'm not even looking to 1980 because of the demands school will make."

On the backstretch beamed Irving Moses, principal of Fairport elementary school in Dayton, Ohio, and Edwin Moses' father. "I just came out for my sister's retirement party," he said, "and all of a sudden I'm at a meet that is better than the Olympics."

END



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Through the last dark shades of winter and all this spring, on the Pacific off Point Loma, Calif., two handsome 12-meter hulls, the old *Intrepid* and the brand-new *Enterprise*, tested their worth against each other, loping over long swells in easy wind for mile after monotonous mile, first on one tack, then the other, then changing headsails and doing it all over again. On the Atlantic Coast, in heavier weather and lumpier seas off Marblehead, Mass., the new 12-meter *Independence* and the old *Courageous* were doing the same.

On one fair day in light air aboard *Enterprise*, Skipper Lowell North had his crew tighten the leech cord of the main a mere half inch and adjust the lower runner and permanent backstay a tad. As a consequence, in five minutes they had moved out almost two boat lengths on *Intrepid*. Aboard *Intrepid*, Skipper Gerry Driscoll had his mainsheet man take a fraction of a turn, and in another 10 minutes *Intrepid* had regained a length and stolen another to windward. Back East, after *Courageous* had rounded a leeward mark, her slack running backstay caught a lobster pot, and Skipper Ted Turner and his crew lost two lengths to Ted Hood and the men of *Independence*. On the second downwind leg, *Independence*'s spinnaker fouled and the pole poked a hole in it, robbing Hood and his crew of the margin they had freakishly gained.

Thus it has gone all spring: hours and hours of solid testing and training, pocked with occasional disasters. The crews have been working unrelentingly. The riggers and wrench monkeys have been busy, tweaking this and that about, trying to wring another shiver of a knot out of hulls and spars. The sailmakers have been

The 1974 vector Courageous (left) and the splashing new Independence went head to head throughout the spring

hard at it, cutting and recutting. Compared to the slick, smooth Dacron and nylon that propel these four 12-meter yachts, the sails of ordinary pleasure craft look as messy as an unmade bed.

One recent evening, a lady unfamiliar with the complexities of ultrasailing strolled the docks of the San Diego Yacht Club, looking first at *Intrepid*, then at *Enterprise*. At the time, *Intrepid* had been washed down and tied up after a day of toil. Because she was built when the rules allowed winches and most of the other mechanical clutter to be tucked belowdecks, she lay in rest on her lines looking as pure and clean as a yacht can. *Enterprise* presented quite a contrast. In compliance with the new rules, most of her machinery is aboveboard. Her deck is a profusion of cockpits and mini-cockpits connected by hatches and hatchlets that lead downward into her resonant aluminum bowels. If no better use can be found for *Enterprise* when her campaigning days are over, she will make a dandy jungle gym for kids. As is the fate of many hulls that fall into the hands of Lowell North, *Enterprise* already bears the scars of modification. In her boom alone there are so many abandoned drill holes, it looks as if a Mafioso has been potting away at her. At the sight of *Enterprise*, the strolling lady exclaimed, "Are you telling me that *Intrepid*, that beautiful thing over there, is the old boat, and this poor creature is the new one?"

Esthetics aside, *Enterprise* and *Intrepid* looked very even in their practice tilts and so did *Independence* and *Courageous*. A fortnight ago *Intrepid* was withdrawn from the cup when sufficient funds could not be raised to modify her. To the superficial eye, the three remaining boats appear fit enough right now to defend the America's Cup; in the minds

continued

SETTING SAIL FOR THE DEFENSE

Two sailmakers with new boats and one wavemaker with a winning oldie begin trials off Newport to determine the defender of the America's Cup, the nation's oldest sports prize

by COLES PHINIZY



of the skippers and of the two syndicate managers responsible for the defense this September, none of the hulls is as ready as she should be, and the days of reckoning are at hand. This weekend the first series of elimination trials to select the U.S. defender begins off Newport, R.I.

Intrepid defended the America's Cup against Australian challengers in 1967 and 1970, and *Courageous* prevailed against a third Aussie boat in 1974. Because *Enterprise* and *Independence* have proved in practice to be, at the very least, as good as the veteran defenders, it can

be safely said that the U.S. has a competent squad. So why are the two syndicates uneasy? For a multiplicity of reasons, the most significant being the intensity of the opposition and the freakish weather that has been upon us for the better part of a year.

This summer Australia will be back with two challengers in its fifth quest for the cup. Australia, a new hull, has been working out on the windy west coast of her homeland, while *Gretel II*, the famous old light-air boat, has been training off Sydney, where sailing would be

endemic even if the wind blew only straight down. For their third try, the French have come up with a boat, *France II*, that on the basis of structure and configuration can be fairly described as a bold compromise between the best of yesterday and tomorrow. On their first challenge, the Swedes are coming with a small boat, *Sverige*, that, though light in displacement, has a high ballast ratio and a large sail area.

For certain, in this array of challengers there is disparity, and the American defender must have the versatility to ex-

Enterprise (27) left *Intrepid* behind in California—and on this best Skipper North uses an ingenious hiking device as Helmutson Meln Burnham observes



cel in a variety of sea and wind conditions. There's the rub. To date, the American boats have not had a chance to test themselves over a range of conditions. The cold frontal winds that plagued most of the country this winter left a balmy pocket hanging over Southern California. As a consequence, in February and March when the winds off San Diego are often fresh, *Intrepid* and *Enterprise* too often got zephyrs. In four months there

were only five days with the wind over 14 knots.

In three America's Cup campaigns stretching back 10 years, *Intrepid* met 11 other 12-meter hulls—six of them of later vintage than herself—and beat them all. Her total match-race record was 71 wins and 17 losses. Against her only true peer, *Courageous*, she won 11 and lost nine. Because of a poor headsail choice and subsequent rigging failure, with the

May they were scheduled to work out against each other a total of 29 days. On five of these days, high winds kept the boats on their moorings. Out of the balance they had only four days of wind under 12 knots. On one fine soft day about noon, just 10 seconds before the starting gun of a practice race, the wind swung 160 degrees, turning the start into a downwind farce. By the time the windward mark was reset, the wind was up so smartly it widened a crack in *Courageous'* boom and bent *Independence's* severely. By two o'clock the following afternoon the wind was steady over 50 knots, tearing two dozen fine sailboats off their moorings in Marblehead Harbor. "In this business it takes a lot of time to learn a little," Skipper Ted Hood observed, his voice tinged with despair. "and we are running out of time."

In their soft-air practice races this spring, *Enterprise* beat *Intrepid* 24-7. Busting around in heavier air off Marblehead, *Independence* and *Courageous* split even in two dozen matches. Considering how closely matched *Intrepid* and *Courageous* were in 1974, from these preliminary contests *Enterprise* would seem to be the best of all, but picking a winner on the basis of preseason scores—a shaky system in any sport—would be particularly deluding in this case. *Intrepid* seldom had her kind of wind and, more significant, six of the crew who served on her with Gerry Driscoll in 1974 are now aboard her rival. This spring Driscoll not only had to put together a new crew, but also use old sails—notably headsails that, despite some recutting and huff tucks, no longer retained the shape they had had at the start of the long, hard summer three years ago.

There is still another reason why *Enterprise* should not be picked as the favorite this soon. In between the three sets of elimination trials, *Independence* and *Courageous* will continue testing against each other—and, in similar fashion, during the lulls between their three series to pick a challenger, the Aussie boats, *Australia* and *Gretel II*, will be working out against the Swedes and French. Because *Intrepid* will not be going to Newport, *Enterprise* will have to go it alone, depending on team experience and computer readouts to evaluate her sails and handling. Twelve-meter boats are fast, but contrary to some of the blather published about them, they are not nimble and quick. When brought

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHNEIDER



score tied 4-4 in the final eliminations in 1974, *Intrepid* lost the decisive race—and the chance to defend the cup a third time. Except for that fateful match, she lost only one other race to *Courageous* in winds steady over 12 knots, and that by a mere two seconds. She is, in brief, as fine a medium- and heavy-air yardstick as any new boat could want, but thanks to this spring's quirky climate, her talents were largely wasted. Such was his desperation by mid-May that Skipper Lowell North contemplated towing *Enterprise* 30 miles offshore where in constant sea breezes he could at least evaluate some of her sails by computer. If not against her stablemate *Intrepid*, "We have accomplished most of what we wanted to do in light air," North said, "but we really wanted heavy work. You don't like to go into the first round short in any area."

By contrast, *Independence* and *Courageous* had more heavy wind and fractious seas than they needed. In April and



about competently to windward in moderate air, a 12-meter needs about a minute to get back to speed, in light winds of, say, six knots. It needs two minutes or more. Yet, playing ring-around-the-rosy and chase-tailing a rival before the start, and tacking upwind, are important aspects of the game, and the collaboration of helmsman, tactician and deck apes in such maneuvers is not easily digested or analyzed electronically.

Ironically, *Intrepid's* absence from the scene is in large part a result of her immense popularity—both practical and sentimental—over a decade. Never has an expensive sailing lady been so much in demand and led so wayward a life because of it. Indeed, such has been the demand that, except for some peculiar twists of fate, there might have been two *Intrepids* in action this year.

After *Intrepid* won 23 of 24 match races in her first cup campaign in 1967, the French wanted her to serve as a trial horse in their first attempt. Her syndicate, feeling there was still lots of life in the old girl, declined the bid. After *Intrepid's* second successful defense of the cup, the syndicate decided her to the International Oceanographic Foundation in Miami so that it could peddle her and use the profits for marine science education. A West Coast syndicate bought her for \$95,000 and turned her over to the Seattle Sailing Foundation, which campaigned her to the brink of glory in 1974. In early 1975, to bolster their 1977 challenge, the Swedes offered \$171,000 for *Intrepid* but were outbid by Robert Fendler, a savings and loan proprietor better known for the loud, brawling hydroplanes he has backed on the thunderboat circuit. When Fendler's financial bubbles burst, *Intrepid* became a ward of the U.S. courts, eventually being sold to a Hawaiian marina and condominium developer, Bob Miller. When Miller missed the payment deadline, the *Enterprise* syndicate got *Intrepid* for \$102,000.

Meanwhile, on the East Coast Ted Hood was offered the chance to skipper *Courageous* again in 1977. Both Hood and Lee Loomis, the 1948 Olympic gold medalist and sailing-team manager who was called on to handle the business end of the effort, felt that taking *Courageous* would be worthwhile only if a good trial horse could be had. They tried unsuccessfully to charter or buy *Intrepid* from Fendler, who at the time apparently was



With everything aboveboard, Ted Hood at the wheel of *Independence*, can oversee deck apes

still solvent. Failing there, they considered building an aluminum *Intrepid*, but by that time *Intrepid's* designer, Olin Stephens, was already involved in *Enterprise* and obligated not to abet rivals. For want of a trial horse, Hood and Loomis decided the only alternative was to build a new defender and let her fight it out against *Courageous*—a costly venture that was considerably moderated because Hood volunteered his services as designer and sailmaker without fee. And so it came to pass that, although she will not compete this summer, *Intrepid* has already served the U.S. cause doubly—as preselection rival for one of the new Twelves and, in effect, as spiritual mother of the other.

Through the U.S. eliminations, the same sort of nip-and-tuck battles *Cou-*

rageous and *Intrepid* waged three years ago should be repeated, this time in a three-sided war. Because Lowell North, one of the world's foremost sailmakers, is skipper of *Enterprise*, and because his only sailmaking peer, Ted Hood, is serving both *Independence* and *Courageous*, the three contenders should be quite even in sail power. Olin Stephens, who designed four of the five successful 12-meter defenders, confesses that his new *Enterprise* does not differ greatly from his old *Courageous*. Ted Hood also confesses that his design, *Independence*, is quite like *Courageous*.

If sails and hulls prove to be as equal as logic suggests they will be, then the crews, which are the most malleable link in the chain of success in any prolonged match series, will tend to equal-

TAKING THEIR PLACE IN THE SUN

In 1974, watching the sleek Twelves cut through the waters off Newport, one had the impression that, like toy boats, they propelled themselves. With the boom only 10 inches off the deck, the giant mainsail blocked one's view of each boat's skipper, navigator and tactician, and the bulk of the crew teetered unseen, arising and unarising belowdecks, like galley slaves sealed off from the sea battle raging around them. This year, with the boom raised and the winches and mechanical gear on deck, the 11-man crew, except for the well-named sewer man, will be visible to spectators, and life for the "string pullers" and "grains" will be more pleasant, though far from comfortable.

Twelves are cold, stripped racing machines, and creature comforts such as cushions or a head are as out of place as a carpeted cockpit. Like Indy cars, the 66-foot boats are built for speed and, in the words of one crew member, "are more like overgrown sailing canoes or giant dinghies than ocean racers."

On Twelves the skippers get the glory but they are as dependent on their men as a quarterback is on his 10 teammates. Reg Pierce, a grinder on *Courageous* in 1974 who is now on *Independence*, says, "Twelves are a people game, you have to get along and function as a unit. You don't win races with two big gorillas on the grinders and a whiz kid as navigator. We depend on each other."

The best taster in the world cannot pull in a job by himself; the load is carried by the grinders, who in turn rely on the man in the fox hole for directions. A good job takes 11 seconds and the deck spies must react instinctively. A blown tack can cost three boat lengths.

The worst job is the sewer man's. He stands belowdecks in a dark, damp pit with limited head space. Around him are the bulky 10-foot sail bags (often as many as eight). Underway, his home—a shell of aluminum ribs—becomes a thrashing, tilting, bobbing echo chamber as waves thump against the hull and his mates up above noisily spin the winches to set the sails he hands them through the hatch. On *Courageous* the job will be handled by the best athlete on any of the Twelves. Conn Findlay, 47, a four-time Olympic medalist in rowing and sailing, on *Independence*. Maritime College freshman Bobby Campbell, 19, will have sewer duty, and on *Enterprise* the job is rotated.

Though many believe the \$1.5-million craft are raced exclusively by old-school Eastern Establishment millionaires, they are not. Of the 33 men who will be aboard the U.S. Twelves, only Ted Turner is considered a millionaire and he is from the South. "Many of us are paupers with shaky credit ratings," says Annapolis grad and former Navy Lieut. Tom O'Brien, now a sail trimmer for *Indepen-*

dence. The crews come from both coasts and from some unlikely sailing cities—Dubuque, Iowa; Demon, Texas; Detroit; Lexington, Ky., and Eire, N.H. They range in age from 18-year-old Teddy Hood to his 50-year-old dad and they have varying occupations—IBM executive, dog-track owner, computer engineer, carpenter, marina operator, assistant headmaster, student. Several work for boat companies and some are referred to as "rock stars" because they are enlisted to crew in every major race in the world. They fly in and out and never scrub hulls.

To sail on a Twelve (300 applied to crew on *Independence*) is no longer a matter of who you know but rather of how you sail. It is not work for the timid; jaunts up the 90-foot mast must come as naturally as walking upstairs. It is essential to be surefooted because Twelves do not have railings or lifelines (crushed walnut shells in the deck pans provide traction).

Crews put in 12-hour workdays, seven days a week, and serve without pay. To tune the machines for the challenge is nearly as time-consuming as preparing for a space shot. For every hour on the water, three are spent tinkering at the dock—repairing fittings, tightening thousands of bolts, fiddling with the computer, scrubbing the deck. Daily work sheets are issued, and a recent one for *Independence* listed 46 items, such as "Install slot velocities including internal rigging of wing" and "Cut off and file every bolt on the boat." There is much to do by Labor Day.

—NANCY WILLIAMSON

ize through the long summer. Anyone searching for an advantage in one of the contenders this early is hard put to find it, even in the three skippers. The men are of established excellence, albeit very different in their ways.

Lowell North of *Enterprise* is a perpetual noodler, constantly in motion. During a sail and rigging evaluation, one moment North is in the aft cockpit and in the next he is at the bow or eyeballing the mast. He suddenly disappears down one hatch and after several minutes of rummaging around pops up in another, exclaiming, "I've found our trouble. I forgot to turn the switch on." In comparison, once committed to a trial run, Ted Hood of *Independence* rarely quits his post at the helm. In anything short of a gear-busting crisis he is as steady-going

as a bargeman taking the town's garbage out to deep water. He is practical New England economy, both in his actions and his words. Ted Turner, skipper of *Courageous*, uses words the way Niagara Falls uses water. He is one of the world's finest examples of perpetual emotion, but behind his labial flaps there is quite a brain. During the longest training period *Courageous* and *Independence* had together, Turner's Atlanta baseball team was well on its way to a string of 17 consecutive defeats. Nickro was witless, Matthews was injured, Messersmith was ailing—laments of that sort poured so constantly from Turner that one would never have thought he cared a whit about the America's Cup. But Turner's mouth and mind do not always travel in the same direction. At the end of

one day in hard, steep seas, he won one start and race from Hood, then lost the second. Back at the dock he observed, "Things could be worse. I could have a good baseball team and a bad boat."

When examined carefully, the distinctions among the skippers turn out to be more apparent than real. North, the noodler, always has one eye cocked on reality. Hood, the pragmatist, is quite a noodler. Turner, the man who seems to be going several ways at once, is actually the best leader and organizer.

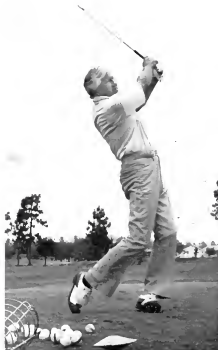
The bottles to pick the U.S. defender have customarily had more drama than the America's Cup challenge series. It may not be good show biz to present the best action first, but again this year it looks as if the preliminaries will outshine the finale.

END

Writers exaggerate, Bolt says. They never saw him hurl his sticks in anger, though at times heat may have made his grips slick. But the legend grows, and Story No. 5,136 surely will be told at Southern Hills
by *DAN JENKINS*

DID OLD TOM THROW THAT CLUB?





Now 59, Bolt will display his instruction-book swing to pros who were lots when he won the 1958 Open

At a golf tournament many years ago, I was inspired to make the brilliant joke in a Texas newspaper that if Tommy Bolt had not become a touring pro, he would, in all probability, have been married to Bonnie Parker. The following day when I saw Bolt at Colonial Country Club in Fort Worth, he asked me who Bonnie Parker was. I guess I got about two sentences deep into the history of Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker—ever smiling, naturally, alert for the orbiting wedge—when Bolt said, “Well, son, why don’t you just go out and round up them two, and old Tom’ll play their low ball.”

I loved Tommy Bolt. As a journalist I rated him right up there next to a used, fast-action Royal standard with a new ribbon. And as a golfer I admired his stylish shotmaking more than anyone’s but Ben Hogan’s. Those of us who knew him and watched him compete in his prime recognized that when Thomas Henry Bolt was right—confident, calm and not blaming Arnold Palmer or the Lord for any short putts that curled away from the cup—no other human being could strike a prettier variety of shots, or land them more softly on the targets, including Ben Hogan.

On the subject of Hogan, whom Tommy always credited with “weakening” his grip, or, in other words, curing what he suspected was a terminal hook, Bolt once said, “Now lookie here at all these baby-faced young mullets on the tour. They come out here dressed up in their Ben Hogan blues and grays. They ought to come to old Tom, and let him show ‘em how to match their reds with their pinks and their fuchsiads.”

This week old Tom is in the news again because the U.S. Open has returned to Southern Hills in Tulsa, where Bolt strung together some of his—and history’s—finest golf. It was such a feat that the crusty old USGA has brought Tommy back to this 77th Open as a special entrant. Good for the USGA for remembering that it was in the 1958 Open that Bolt finessed his way through a collection of fairways as narrow as his four-wood and consistently avoided a Bermuda rough more gnarled than his temper could be. He led all the way and won laughing, by what seemed like a whopping four strokes, with a smite-your-forehead score of 283.

continued

I must tell you how good that was. Of the game's other big stars in that era, only Julius Boros and Gene Littler were heard from at Southern Hills. And Boros and Littler finished six and seven strokes behind Bolt. It was left to a thoroughgoing unknown named Gary Player to be second. Sam Snead missed the cut. Jimmy Demaret withdrew. Cary Middlecoff shot 300. Ken Venturi shot 302. And Ben Hogan, his wrist slightly sprained after a bout with the rough, was hurled into a tie for 10th.

Bolt's four rounds were 71-71-69-72. That only sounds routine until you consider that his highest single round, the 72, was at least three shots better than any other competitor's worst round. No one else in the '58 Open escaped without at least one score of 75 or higher.

Another item. The most dangerous and torturous hole at Southern Hills is the par-4 12th: tight driver, long-to-medium iron, trees, water. Hogan selected it on his "All-American golf course." Tommy Bolt birdied 12 the first three rounds and parred it on the last 18, which amounted to more of a triumphant stroll than a round of competitive golf.

This was the Open that furnished Tommy Bolt Story No. 1,032. When he entered the press tent after the second round as the sole owner of the Open lead, he pretended to be angry with a Tulsa reporter because of a misprint in the morning paper. Old Tom was 40 years old at the time, but the paper had said he was 49. The Tulsa writer apologized for the typographical error.

"Typographical error, hell," said Bolt. "It was a perfect four and a perfect nine."

None of us who were privileged to be near him inside the ropes can ever forget old Tom as he closed in on those last few holes of his Southern Hills victory. He did not seem to mind two or three reporters chatting with him among the Open leader's customary entourage of striped ties and USGA armbands.

With at least three holes left to play, he was saying, "Ain't this somethin'?" Old Tom's gonna win himself a Ben Hogan type of tournament. How 'bout that, pard?"

Going up the 18th fairway, after another glorious four-wood shot had put him on the green of what must be one of golf's most merciless par-4 finishing holes, a couple of conversations took place that I can still hear.

First of all, Jimmy Breslin, the poet of Queens who was then with the NEA feature service, was marching along with the rest of us.

"You're going to win it, you ought to throw a club," Breslin said to Bolt.

Bolt mumbled something about a book he had been reading. It was, as I recall, the *Im O.K.—And So Are Your Warts* of its day. Tommy said the book had given him inner peace. It was one of the reasons he was winning the Open.

"Inner peace don't sell newspapers," Breslin said. "You don't throw a club, how come you got the name?"

Bolt said if he threw as many golf clubs as everybody wrote, the manufacturers would not have anything else to do but manufacture Tommy Bolt golf clubs.

"You could throw a little one," said Jimmy. "Something you don't need."

Bolt looked around at everyone as if to ask how Jimmy Breslin ever got admitted to a golf tournament.

Jimmy dropped back a few paces and said, "The story don't work."

As for me, I proudly reminded Tommy that I had predicted in print he would win before the Open began. Worldly me. The pock had been grounded in the logic that Bolt had taken the Colonial National Invitational. In those days Colonial, old Colonial, once an Open course itself, was considered a splendid gauge for what might happen in our grandest tournament a month later.

So now it was late in the afternoon on Saturday, June 14, 1958. We were walking up the 18th fairway in the boiling heat, and I had just said to a man who was about to win his one and only major championship that because I picked him to win I was surely a semi-intellectual and perhaps even the Joseph Pulitzer of Herb Massey's Cafe and Pinball Emporium.

Bolt looked at me and said, "Yeah, you picked it, all right. Except you did it in that old Fort Worth paper, and nobody saw it but you and your momma."

Terrible-tempered, tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolt. The reputation was only partially earned. Wire services did the rest, just as they made Hogan a lifetime bantamweight, kept Cary Middlecoff a Dr. and insisted Byron Nelson was both a British lord and a mechanical man. Bolt resented his negative fame and at the same time used it for humor.

He liked to claim that no sportswriter

ever actually saw him break a golf club—but I did. If I may return to Colonial again, it was on the 15th hole. A mid-iron of some kind. One of those years in the early 1950s. He not only slung it against a fence, which snapped the shaft in half, but he picked up the two pieces, slammed them down again and kicked them. However, after he had read the details of his act in my paper, he said, "You know, son, before you go sayin' that old Tom threw a club, you ought to check and make sure the heat and humidity hadn't made his grips slick."

What Tommy Bolt did best as a golfer, as a hitter of golf balls, was everything—everything but putt consistently well, which must have had something to do with his temperament. He drove straight and played the doglegs like a violin. He may have been the best fairway wood player ever. He was superb with the irons, especially the short irons, and his pace (walk slowly, but fast), rhythm, tempo and setup were things to behold. Instruction-book stuff.

This business of making the ball light softly on the long shots, which Bolt did better than anyone—well, there is no explaining it other than to say it had something to do with his feeling for the shots, his style and his swing. As he so often said, "Hell, I can poop one into the water, and it don't even splash."

And that graceful swing is still with him. The Bolt cult was delighted to hear, only two weeks ago, of his winning that \$100,000 tournament for oldtimers which was played out in Yorba Linda, Calif. It goes in there with all the other senior-type cups he has been collecting since he turned the tour over to the younger and less colorful men—those baby-faced blues and grays.

That Bolt did not win more than 15 tournaments, including the Open, in his 10 good years, and yet remained more or less the underground or locker-room champion of the game, was probably as much a result of timing as of his unpredictable character. His good early years were also some of Hogan's and Snead's best. And later he ran into the rise of Arnold Palmer.

Perhaps old Tom knew he was never destiny's child, and maybe that is why, now and then after blowing a short putt, he would look up at the sky and say, "Why don't you come on down here and play me one time?"

continued



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CRASHING THE PARTY IN TULSA

Another old and storied pro—Arnold Palmer—whose era has come and gone since 1958, did not receive a special invitation to this, his silver jubilee Open

Not that a few putts here and there could not have changed the record of the man who came out of Haworth, Okla., moved through Louisiana and settled in Texas to learn the game. He was very close in a few other Opens, as well as a number of Masters, and twice he reached the semifinals in the old match-play PGA. In that tournament he would go around whipping your Sam Sneads (twice), Gene Littler, Jack Flecks and Lew Worshams, but he would lose to a Claude Harmon, a Jackson Bradley and even a Charles Prentice.

All of which prompted him to say at one point, "Well, who wants to win some kind of tournament that ain't got nobody in it but mother geese!"

It must certainly please old Tom today, sitting comfortably down there at his course in Tarpon Woods, Fla., that the Bolt stories on the PGA tour now number 5,137. My favorite Bolt story comes rather recently from Ed Sneed, one of the tour's better players, who is both a Bolt devotee and imitator. It is an important story, I think, because it contains a golf lesson; an aspiring pro's first real lesson, in fact.

It seems that a few years ago, when Sneed was still an amateur, he was playing with his pal Tom Weiskopf in a pro-am in Cincinnati, and they were paired with none other than Tommy Bolt and his partner. Bolt said little more than "Hidy" until the foursome arrived at the 2nd tee. It was a par-3 hole, a short-iron shot with water behind the green. Ed Sneed stepped up and hit a high, wild, soaring, right-to-left eight-iron that came down on the back of the green, took a huge bounce and disappeared into the water.

As Bolt teed up his ball and addressed the shot, he said, "Old Ed knows what makes the ball go. Those hooks really go, don't they, son?"

When terrible-tempered, tempestuous Tommy (Thunder) Bolt won the U.S. Open at Southern Hills in 1958, a fellow named Tom Watson was eight years old. Ben Crenshaw was six years old and so was Bruce Lietzke. Jerry Pate, the defending champion this week, was four years old. It is both startling and sad for me to realize that a whole generation of golfers on the tour has missed Tommy Bolt.

This one was for them—and old Tom, too, of course.

END

Arnold Palmer will be at Southern Hills, too, but unlike Bolt he had to earn his way there by battling 127 other players, many of them young touring pros, for one of 40 available spots in Charlotte, N.C. Friends had advised him to choose the Johnstown, Pa. qualifying site instead. Thirty-six players were trying for five spots there, and although the odds were worse, the competition was weaker. But Palmer had been at Charlotte for the Kemper Open and decided to stay put. Besides, he never could resist a challenge.

Thus, on a muggy morning last week, temperature headed toward the 90s, Palmer set out to play 36 holes. He arrived at the Charlotte Country Club at 7:30, the dew still heavy on the fairways. Lanny Wadkins was still leaving the practice tee and they nodded solemnly to each other. Wake Forest '51 to Wake Forest '72. Palmer hit a wedge and massaged his back, a problem these days. After a few more shots he ambled over to the putting green, where a robust man in a bright orange shirt was practicing.

"Mike Souchak," roared Palmer, and the two stood for a moment holding each other's shoulders. Souchak seemed to have won the 1960 Open until Palmer came charging home with a last-round 65.

Minutes later, on the first tee, Palmer greeted one of his playing partners, John Schlee. "Arnie, you remember the last USGA event we were together in?" Schlee asked.

Palmer nodded, a wry look on his face. "Oakmont, 1973, last round of the Open," Schlee said. "We were tied for the lead, and all of Pennsylvania was shouting, 'Go, Arnie, go!' Then along came Johnny Miller." What Palmer had done to Souchak, Miller did to Palmer.

At Charlotte, Palmer's first two shots looked like those of a man bent on shooting 90—a drive into a fairway bunker followed by a line drive into another. He now had no chance to get the ball close, the pin sitting on a narrow strip of green, but he did just that with a spectacular shot that landed in the rough, took one hop and dribbled up close. Tap-in-par.

After that it was clear sailing, vintage Palmer except that not as many putts dropped as once did. He finished the morning round at even-par 71, was driven by friends to Myers Park Country Club a few miles away, grabbed a sandwich and was off again, nearly driving the 18 green and making a birdie.

Winnie Palmer appeared. She said 36 holes was a little much, but she would do the 18, even though people were walking in the heat.



She and Arnie have built a house in Charlotte, she said, where they have growing business interests. Besides, their daughters Peg and Amy are at college, so there is no reason to be in Latrobe, especially in winter.

By now Palmer had collected a gallery of perhaps 100, most of them walking side by side with him down the fairways. After nine holes he was still one-under, and when he had finished the 17th he was two-under and clearly headed for his 25th consecutive U.S. Open.

As Palmer wanted to tee off at 18 the sky suddenly blackened, thunder sounded and a strong wind gusted. Palmer hit his drive and sprinted after it. As he hit his second shot rain began to fall. Again Palmer raced after the ball. The wind was now blowing leaves and small branches across the course, and the flagstick at the 18th green was bending low. Palmer, seven feet from the cup, stroked the ball and saw it blow seven feet past. His next, into the wind, pulled up short. Hiding out for a bogey, he hurried inside the clubhouse seconds before the rain opened up full force and play was suspended—until the next day, as it turned out.

Sitting with Winnie, sipping a beer and talking with reporters, Arnold Palmer was clearly a happy man. Not only had he qualified—his 71-71-142 would surely be good enough—but he had beaten the storm as well.

—WALTER BINGHAM

This Card is certainly no joker

The more games that he wins, the unhappier John Denny gets. Before long he may be sad about winning 20



An ERA champion in '76, Denny is 7-1 in '77

The pale blue eyes were aimlessly following the flight of a hundred lazy fungoes, looking empty and out of focus the way eyes do when their owner's brain has wandered off. And the mind of John Denny, a 24-year-old right-handed pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals who was 7-1 at the end of last week, was definitely not in Busch Stadium. It was off somewhere else, brooding.

The sun, which was steadily creeping into his shady corner of the empty dugout, seemed to be the cause of Denny's latest bit of unhappiness. After all, glaring sunlight is a plague when the soul is dark with doubt, and in the most promising summer he has ever known—a summer in which he could become the first St. Louis pitcher to win 20 games in a season since Steve Carlton in 1971—Denny is the most doubting Cardinal. "I'm 7-0, and I feel like I'm 0-7," he said, a couple of days before the Dodgers handed him his only loss.

St. Louis picked Denny in the 29th round of the 1970 free-agent draft, which, to Denny's way of thinking, meant that 679 players were considered better than him. He thus began his career in the Cardinal organization with a chip on his shoulder the size of a redwood. After bouncing around in the minor leagues for six years, Denny spent his first full season in St. Louis last year and proceeded to win the National League ERA title with a mark of 2.52. At 23, he was the youngest National League ERA champion since 22-year-old Mike McCormick in 1960.

Denny has a good fastball and a surprisingly accurate change of pace for one so young, and this season he was the first pitcher in the major leagues to win five games—hanging up an ERA of 2.91 along the way—before having to miss two turns in the Cardinals' starting rotation with a pulled hamstring muscle in his left leg. Why, then, in the midst of such abundant good fortune, is Denny so unhappy?

One source of his pique is the fact that in his seven wins he has been supported by 68 runs, an average of nearly 10 a game. "There I was with an unbeaten record and a pretty good ERA," Denny says, "and everybody was telling me how lucky I was to have all those runs scored for me. It made me mad."

And when Denny gets angry, the object of his displeasure—even when it is he—had better watch out. "Some people say that I'm too critical of myself, that I never let up," he says, "but if I make a mistake during a game and allow myself to pass it off as just one of those things, I'll end up making the same mistake again. I can't allow that to happen, so sometimes after I've made a mistake I go back behind the dugout and beat my head against the wall and make it hurt to alert myself to what I've done and to punish myself for it."

Early this season, when Denny's luck was running depressingly well, Manager Vern Rapp pulled him in the middle innings of his first three starts, partly to keep him from aggravating a tender ankle he had sprained during the off-season. Denny got credit for all three wins but took little satisfaction in them. In his third start he was trailing Pittsburgh 3-1 in the fifth inning when he was lifted for a pinch hitter. The Cardinals scored three runs that inning, and Denny, already in the showers, wound up with the victory. After the game, however, he screamed at Rapp in a voice that must have been audible on top of the Gateway Arch. "John wanted to give the win back," says Claude Osteen, the Cardinals' pitching coach. "He didn't want it if it was tainted."

Osteen has been a leveling influence on Denny this season, as he has been on Al Hrabosky, in the wake of Rapp's ban on long hair, beards and mustaches. Hrabosky and Denny both had formidable mustaches before Rapp's fiat, and there were moments of near rebellion in the Cardinal clubhouse last month. Hrabosky and Rapp have maintained an uneasy truce since the manager temporarily suspended Hrabosky for "insubordination." In spite of these problems, the young Cards have managed to keep right on surprising people. At the end of last week they were third in the National League East, only four games behind the division-leading Chicago Cubs.

Osteen has great faith in his young staff—his starters' average age is only 25.6—especially in Denny, his stopper. "I always have a lot of confidence when John pitches," Osteen says. "Even if he doesn't have his best stuff, he still busts his tail to make sure the opposition

continued

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doesn't beat him. He doesn't like it when the other team scores a run off him, he takes it personally."

Denny, who claims he works best when he is angry, has been able for the most part to turn his temper into a constructive force. However, there have been moments when his churlishness has done him more harm than good. Last season his loud mouth provoked a pounding from Catcher Ted Simmons behind the dugout (Denny, it seems, spends an inordinate amount of his time behind the dugout engaged in intramural mayhem). Last week, while being rudely treated by the Dodgers, he plunked Reggie Smith with a pitch, thereby starting a mid-dling brawl. One day he addressed members of the press as "you cultures," and lately he has been waging a one-man crusade against a trio of umpires who, he believes, are "squeezing" him with purposely bad calls.

The latest episode in this struggle occurred early last week in a game against San Diego. Plate Umpire Jim Quick and Denny had gotten into a bit of unpleasantness over Quick's calls. By the seventh inning, Quick had begun to take exception to Denny's harangues, and with Padre Gene Richards at bat, the umpire called four straight balls. On the fourth, Quick pulled off his mask, turned to the St. Louis dugout before the ball was even in Simmons' mitt and said, "And that's a ball, too."

Denny ripped off his cap, threw down his glove and steamed toward the plate. After unburdening himself for almost five minutes, he returned to the mound. It was from that elevated precinct that he admonished Quick to put his nether extremities in gear. Quick let loose with a hasty thumb, and Denny charged the quick Quick, his head bobbing up and down like a cork on troubled waters. It took an assortment of St. Louis players, coaches and, finally, Rapp to restrain Denny from duking it out with the offending ump. The outburst cost Denny an ejection he was trailing 2-1 at the time, but got no decision as the Cards went on to win) and a \$250 fine, but he had made his point. "There comes a time when you have to stand up to them," Denny says.

If he can make it through the season without contracting terminal clubhouse head from going one-on-one with umpires, other players and the dugout wall, Denny may get to sulk all winter about having won only 20 games.

THE WEEK

(June 5-11)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL EAST

Fortified by a pregnant wad of stuff and chewing tobacco and by cups of grisling tea, Mark Fidrych of Detroit (4-3) earned his first win, 8-0 over California and 5-1 over Oakland. Dave Rozema (6-2) beat Seattle 5-2 with the support of Jason Thompson's third homer of the week and 10th of the season.

After 10 games without a home run, the Blue Jays (4-1) went on a spree, hitting 10. Ron Fairly got two of them, batted .438 and raised his average to .322, seventh best in the league. The league's No. 2 batter was Bob Butler, who moved up to .346 with a 364 week.

Bucky Dent of New York (6-1) matched his previous high of five homers for an entire season by hitting four in four days, as did Reggie Jackson, who increased his total to 12. Both Dent (.370) and Jackson (.414) drove in eight runs, and Willie Randolph hit .381. Better yet for the Yanks, Catfish Hunter won for the first time since Opening Day, off-injured Don Gullett beat Milwaukee (9-1) and Sparky Lyle registered his 11th, 12th and 13th saves.

Ospice a .434 ERA for the season, Reliever Bill Castro of Milwaukee (2-5) has a fine second. In 2½ innings last week he earned his seventh win and seventh save.

Also coming through in relief was Bill Campbell of Boston (4-1). Campbell was touched up for only one run in 10 innings as he saved three games. One of them was a 1-0 win in Kansas City for Luis Tiant. The Red Sox bombed the Orioles 14-5 with an 11-run second inning and 7-3 as Jim Rice slugged his 13th and 14th home runs.

After staggering home from a 4-8 road trip, the Orioles (3-4) got hot. Rudy May (8-5) downed Chicago 4-1, and Mike Flanagan further paled the White Sox 6-1 on five hits.

Cleveland (2-3) Manager Frank Robinson accused OH Rico Carty of second-guessing his moves and splintering the team along racial lines. He also fined Carty an estimated \$1,000 and sent him back to Cleveland while the team was on the West Coast. Reliever Jim Kers saved both Indian wins.

NY 34-24 BOS 30-24 BAL 31-25 MIL 28-31
CLEV 24-27 DET 24-30 TOR 23-31

AL WEST

Papaya juice, a tip from an anonymous caller and a new manager were among the panaceas tried in the division. Rick Jones, 22, a 6'5" left-hander for Seattle (3-3), tried to improve his 0-4 record by drinking the papaya before facing Detroit. Although he gave up only one unearned run in 5½ innings, Jones ran out of juice—papaya and otherwise—and Enrique

Romo pitched hitless ball the rest of the way to get credit for a 2-1 win in which Lee Stanton homered. Home runs by Rupert Jones helped John Montague beat Cleveland 6-1 and gave Mike Kekich a 3-2 victory over Detroit. Kekich's triumph came three days after his second marriage. "I've got a great wife I'm with a great organization and my arm's still on my body," said Kekich, hoping his luck has changed. He was involved in the celebrated wife-swapping incident with Fritz Peterson in 1973 and survived a spate of near-fatal mishaps in 1976: a motorcycle wreck in February, a big sting in November and a ruptured spleen in December.

Tom Greive, who led the Rangers (3-2) with 20 homers last year but who was hitting .152 as the week began and had not homered since April 11, took some advice from a man who phoned him. "He told me to swing for Texas League singles," said Greive, who got the message, raised up on his swing, homered twice and hit .389.

Owner Charlie Finley's firing of Jack McKeon and hiring of Bobby Winkles as his 15th manager in 18 seasons did not help Oakland (1-4). Winkles lost twice, the A's making five errors in a 6-4 loss to Detroit.

Fifth-place Kansas City (4-3) gained two games on first-place Minnesota (page 22) as Andy Hassler won twice, 4-3 over Baltimore and 7-2 over the Twins. Dennis Leonard baffled the Brewers 6-0 on three hits, and Joe Zdeb's single gave the Royals a 5-4 win over the Red Sox. It was Zdeb's third game-deciding hit in the last four K.C. victories.

Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan of California (3-3) were superb. By stopping Detroit 5-1 and making Cleveland his fifth shut-out victim, 1-0, Tanana became the majors' first 10-game winner. Bobby Bonds' 12th homer settled the latter game. Another home run, this one by Bobby Grich in the 13th, gave the Angels a 2-1 decision over the Blue Jays. Ryan pitched 10 innings that day, striking out 19, and then was replaced because he had thrown 171 pitches.

Oscar Gombath's three-run homer in the 12th earned Chicago (12-5) split Minnesota 9-5. And an 11th-inning pinch single by Wayne Nardengen beat Texas 4-3.

MINN 33-24 CHI 30-25 TEX 26-25 CAL 27-27
KC 27-28 OAK 26-29 SEA 24-37

NL EAST

All the Chicago Cubs could probably appear in uniform on What's My Line? and stump the panel. Bruce Stiter, Rick Reuschel and Ray Burris are hardly familiar faces or names. And Ivan Oeleus, Manny Trillo, Jerry Morales, Willie Hernandez and Jose Cardenal are better known in Latin America than in the States. But lately in Chicago they have all attracted a lot of attention, helping the Cubs gain a solid hold on first place. Bobby Murcer, the team's "name" player, hit .391

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tenly asserted Willie Stargell's name in both the fifth and seventh spots on his lineup card. It was Stargell who vented the game with a three-run homer in the 11th.

CH 35-19 PIT 30-22 ST. L 32-24
PHIL 31-24 MONT 24-29 NY 23-33

NL WEST Although his Dodgers (3-4) stumbled a bit, Manager Tom Lasorda was still joking. "I'm in a slump, too," he said. "I go to bed, and I'm hungry. I sit down at the table, and I get romantic." Charlie Hough preserved two of Los Angeles' wins with his 15th and 16th saves. Reggie Smith hit his 14th home run in a 4-2 win in Chicago, and Steve Garvey drove across four runs in a 9-8 victory in St. Louis.

"I'm out of the slump," said Phil Niekro of Atlanta (1-5) after silencing Philadelphia 3-0 on four singles and 13 strikeouts to bring his record to 4-8. Rookie Barry Bonnell hit the highest in the league for a player with 100 or more at bats (1.368). Jeff Burroughs' 14th homer tied him with Ron Cey and Smith of the Dodgers for the league lead.

Enos Cabell of Houston (2-5) and Mike Irie of San Diego (2-4) both hit .407, but could not get their teams moving. The Astros twice trimmed the Mets 4-1 behind the pitching of Joaquin Andujar (7-3) and J. R. Richard (5-5). Rolfe Fingers of the Padres chalked up his 14th and 15th saves in a 9-5 victory.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GREG LUZINSKI: Four doubles and three home runs were among the Bull's 14 hits in 33 at bats (1.424). And he drove in 12 runs, three as the Phillies defeated the Astros 9-8 and seven more as they beat the Braves 13-10.

over the Cardinals and a 4-1 win over Pittsburgh. Dave Winfield homered in each game, raising his total to 13.

All five of the league's top home-run hitters are in the West. George Foster of Cincinnati (3-2) remained in that select group, hitting No. 12 as Jack Billingham beat New York 5-0 and No. 13 as Fred Norman breezed past Montreal (3-1). When Johnny Bench stepped to the plate and was told by Houston Catcher Joe Ferguson that J. R. Richard "can't get his fastball over," Bench knew what to do. "Naturally, I looked for the curve," he said. In came the curve from Richard. Out went a homer for Bench, who hit his 10th and 11th in that game as the Reds won 14-4.

Gary Lavelle of San Francisco (4-3) lowered his ERA to 0.60 as he struck out eight and did not permit a run in his first 7½ innings last week. Along the way, Lavelle gained his seventh and eighth saves and fifth triumph.

LA 36-20 CIN 27-25 SD 27-34
SF 25-33 HOU 24-34 ATL 21-38



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HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
YARDS	582	414	182	423	199	388	584	479	403	3634
PAR	5	4	3	4	3	4	5	4	4	38
SCORE	3	3	2	4	3	3	4	4	3	29

	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
	417	376	218	464	467	290	512	433	546	3615	7249
	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	5	38	72
	3	4	2	4	4	2	4	3	4	30	59

An amateur named Jerry Ford made a hole in one, but a pro named Al Geiberger made history at Memphis. His scorecard for the second round showed 11 birdies, one eagle, seven straight holes in sub-par figures and a PGA tour record 59 for 18

It was a day unlike any other day

Surely even the most jaded and weary of the world's watchers would have found something extraordinary last Friday in Tennessee, with James Earl Ray suddenly on the lam in the east and Al Geiberger on a more civilized rampage in the west.

The authorities will be a long time totaling up Ray's score, but the other was there for all to see. On June 10, 1977, Al Geiberger, of Santa Barbara, Calif., played the best round of competitive golf in the history of the game, a round so thoroughly competent that it now is the

standard against which future rounds will be measured.

What Geiberger did was subdue the Colonial Country Club course near Memphis with a score of 59, the lowest total ever recorded for 18 holes of golf on the PGA tour. (Homero Blancas, now a tour regular, holds the record for 18 holes over a regulation course; as an amateur, Blancas shot a 15-under-par 55 at Longview, Texas in 1962.)

The overzealous were comparing Geiberger's feat to man's first walk on the moon, then withdrawing the comparison because so much technology and outside assistance were involved in the moon walk. The merely awestruck were calling it one of the most significant athletic achievements of the century, like perfect games and four-minute miles and seven-foot high jumps and Lone Eagles and the first dog to fetch a stick without complaining.

Lots of people—seven to be exact—have played a PGA tournament round in 60. The last person to do so was Sam Snead and, to give you some idea of how easy it is, he did it 20 years ago. Man's first 60 was accomplished by Al Brosch, who is best known as the first golfer to shoot a 60. He did the deed in the 1951 Texas Open at Brackenridge Park, long noted as just about the flattest, most sun-baked piece of real estate in all of San Antonio, if not all of Texas. As a matter of fact, two of the other 60s—by Ted Kroll and Mike Souchak—were also scored at Brackenridge.

However, San Antonio's Brackenridge and Memphis' Colonial are in no way comparable. Revisiveness and conspiracy theorists will have to look elsewhere. In 1975 *Golf Digest* listed Colonial as one of the country's 100 best courses. On a scale of short, medium and long, Brackenridge would fall into the short category, and Colonial, all 7,249 yards of it, into the long. If there was a fluke to be found in Geiberger's feat, perhaps it was in the weather. The lengthy drought had turned Colonial from a plush, lush Southern course into the kind of hard and tight layout usually associated with the desert. Because of the dried-out conditions, winter rules were in effect, and players were permitted to lift, clean and replace their balls in the fairway.

Bert Weaver, a former touring pro who now is the head pro at Colonial, refused to accept "preferred lies" as the explanation for Geiberger's astounding score. "The fairways are so tightly cut, you can't improve your lie," Weaver said. "You can move off dirt and onto grass, but it's still a tight lie because we haven't had any rain. We have three fairways with huge areas not covered with grass, and the rule was put in in case it rained and these areas turned to mud. Just because it is dry, the course doesn't play short like the desert courses. They're short because there's no humidity on them. Colonial played to 90% of its potential. We've reseeded the fairways, and that eliminates a lot of the roll you normally get with drying conditions. Bumping the ball was not the reason the man did what he did. He wedged one in on one hole, he didn't miss a green and he made some long putts. Geiberger is the kind of golf-

continued



The happy record breaker displays the scorecard that forever will be known as "Geiberger's 59."



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"He has length off the tee, he has the iron play, and he has the putting. It's seldom someone can put all three of them together, but putting them together is no fluke. It was just somebody's turn to do it and Al Geiberger happened to be the man who did. He has to be in the running for athlete of the year. It was just one of those phenomenal things, one of those things you never really expect to happen."

Offsetting any reservations about the winter rules, perhaps, is the fact that Colonial has Bermuda greens, relatively rare items on the pro tour. In fact, Johnny Miller said, "If there was a set of greens I thought you couldn't do that on, it would have been these."

Dudley Green, the Nashville *Banner's* golf writer, recalled the words of the estimable Woody Platt, the Pennsylvania golfer who won the first USGA Senior championship: "Only the brave survive on Bermuda," meaning the putts have to be straight and strong. (Platt was good for other things besides axioms. He once started a round at Pine Valley birdie,

birdie, hole in one, eagle—six under after four holes—and might have been on his way to a 49. But he stopped in the clubhouse to celebrate and did not emerge until three days later, when it was determined it was too late to complete the round.) Geiberger, whether aware of Platt's Law or not, did not linger around the greens long enough to test its validity. He needed only 23 putts.

At the age of 39, and with 18 years of touring experience behind him, Geiberger is a relatively calm man and apparently a popular figure with his colleagues. If he was as excited about his score as the gallery was, he managed to contain that excitement in his tall, lean, composed frame. He began the round at 12.32 p.m. on the back side of Colonial's pleasant acreage, starting strong with birdies on his first hole (which he later jokingly described as "a routine 40-foot putt") and his third, and then closing out the nine with four consecutive birdies for a six-under-par 30. He must have decided this would be a special round; he had used the same ball for his first nine and continued to play with it coming in. Mov-

ing over to the front side to complete the round, Geiberger holed out a wedge from 30 yards away for an eagle three at No. 1 and suddenly he had a goal firmly in mind. His five straight sub-par holes put him within range of the PGA record of eight, held by Bob Goulay and Fuzzy Zoeller, and he focused his game on achieving that modest end.

His good friend Dave Stockton, who was paired with Geiberger and Jerry McGee during the first two rounds at Memphis, describes Geiberger as basically a conservative player who "usually goes for the fat part of the green." Geiberger sees himself in considerably more rakish poses. Now he attacked the flags instead of the fat and ran off two more birdies before finally faltering on the 4th hole (his 13th) and recording a lousy par.

By this time the galleries had been alerted to the raid in progress. Keep in mind that this was a crowd already so shaken and amazed it would have dozed off at the wreck of a circus train in a nudist camp. During Wednesday's Pro-Am, former President Gerald Ford made one of the more famous holes in one in golfing history. The next day's first round of the tournament—officially known as the Danny Thomas Memphis Classic—provided comic relief when Bruce Fleisher's tee shot lodged in the slacks—six inches below the waistline—of a startled cross-walk guard named Bobby Hendren. A stiff-lipped, non-communicative Fleisher fished the ball out and played his drop without comment. Hendren said he was glad the rules did not require the ball to be hit out.

They were still remarking upon that event on Friday when a grass fire in one of the parking lots spread to seven automobiles and a pickup truck. The miniature holocaust destroyed five of the vehicles. Meanwhile, the near 100° heat and the humidity, which is one thing Memphis does not lack, had left the galleries dripping like faulty faucets. But even in that debilitating atmosphere people knew history was in the making, and they began hurrying to watch and to offer Geiberger their support.

As soon as Geiberger failed in his quest for eight consecutive birdies he realized he still had a chance to accomplish something out of the ordinary. He readily admits he began thinking "59." In the unlikely event the goal might have slipped his mind, the gallery began shout-

continued



Geiberger walks off triumphantly, breaking the record with an eight foot birdie putt on the last green

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EASTERN
THE WINGS OF MAN

eng "59" at him. If you think this sort of thing has to be a joke, forget it, because Geirger finished his remarkable day with three more birdies on the last four holes, including the final one, when he might well have been stuck with a mediocre 60 and edged into the record book alongside the Brackenridge boys.

"The crowd was pumped up," Geirger said, "and so was I. When you're pumped up you can hit the ball harder." Actually, he hit the ball perhaps a little too hard off the tee on the 403-yard final hole because the he left him "between irons" and he had to make a decision between a nine-iron and a hard pitching wedge. He chose wisely, as events would demonstrate. He selected a nine-iron, hitting the shot easily and leaving himself with a putt just long enough (eight feet) to give his 10,000 followers time to build up a great, appropriate roar. Score for this nine: 29.

Johnny Miller said later he was not surprised to see Geirger withstand what a great many golfers would have considered terrible pressure. "I like to study people under pressure," Miller said. "They walk different and talk different. It's funny to watch them. But Al's sort of a low-key guy. He never seems like he's going to choke. You just don't make 12 puts of more than 10 feet in a round like he did. It's great to see it, great to know it's possible. It either encourages or discourages. Golfers think, 'Aw, I can't do that,' or they think, 'If he can do it, I can do it.'"

In the locker room someone noted that Geirger had picked up 17 strokes on the first-day leader, Tom Storey, whose 76 ordinarily would not have seemed nearly as disastrous.

Geirger's 59 came on the second day of the Memphis Classic and gave him the 36-hole lead by six strokes. The next day he ballooned by 13 strokes to an even-par 72. "I did feel sort of a let-down," he said. "It was hard to get my thoughts going in the same direction. I caught myself wondering, but I do that a lot anyway." On Sunday, he stopped wondering long enough to shoot a 70 and win the tournament by three strokes over Jerry McGee and Gary Player.

McGee says he now plans to enter Geirger in next year's NBA Slam Dunk contest. Why not? The game is putting a ball into a hole, and Mr. G obviously does that very well. **END**

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Europe uncorks a young Yank

The newest sensation abroad is Eddie Cheever—a 19-year-old from America

Formula I Grand Prix racing is not the easiest sport for a fledgling to crack. In this tradition-heavy arena, where the world driving championship is decided, there are strict, if unwritten, entrance requirements. A driver is expected to test his mettle first in Formula III racing, where he can learn the intricacies of controlling an open-wheel race car and also get some experience on the same tracks used in the world championship series. Next he should move up to the more powerful Formula II cars, and finally, if he is good enough (or if he has shown a particular talent for getting financial backing for his racing efforts), he will find himself in a spidery 1,180-pound, 500-horsepower Formula I machine.

This involved schooling, which is available only in Europe and offers smaller financial rewards than U.S. oval track racing, has kept most top American drivers from contesting the world championship. The last, and only, American to win the title was Phil Hill, 16 years ago. And because 10 of the 17 events that make up the Grand Prix calendar are held in Europe, the sport makes little attempt to seek out American stars.

That is why it is so surprising that the European racing press has taken to its collective bosom a dishing young American named Eddie Cheever. "Young," perhaps more than "American," is the operative word in this case. Cheever, who currently is second in the Formula II championship standings, is just 19 years old. "In Europe they've made a thing of my age," he says. "Nothing ticks

me off more than this Boy Wonder stuff." Still, if Cheever wanted to make a driving career in the U.S., he would have to wait two more years to get a competition license.

Circumstances are such that Cheever not only has been able to become a rising star in European racing, but he has felt at home in doing so. His bio sheet states that he was "born in Phoenix, Ariz. in 1958." It goes on to reveal that "he left the United States as an infant and spent the first years of his life in Australia." When he was four his family moved to Rome, where his father opened four health salons. The family has lived in Italy ever since. Eddie attended American schools in Rome, and speaks both Italian and English fluently.

While Cheever has never raced in the U.S. and has lived here only briefly, he is nonetheless fiercely proud of his American citizenship, occasionally to the point of being touchy. "I'm as much an American as anyone," he says, "and I'm just as patriotic as the next guy." Cheever began competitive driving at the age of 12, when his mother gave him a go-kart. Several years later he was racing for the Birel professional karting team, for which he went on to win three European championships and finish second in the world title competition in 1974. These machines are a far cry from those one sees pattering down suburban driveways or in U.S. amusement parks; they are capable of speeds of 140 miles an hour. Such top Grand Prix stars as Ronnie Peterson and Jody Scheckter are former kart stars.

In 1975 Cheever's father hired a Formula Ford car (of a category yet below the little Formula IIIs) for him to drive, and at the age of 17 he won his first race, at Silverstone in England. By July of that year he had earned his International Competition License and moved quickly into a Formula III car. In only his fifth race, again at Silverstone, Cheever won the pole position, then late in the race stunned Alex Ribeiro, the champion, by slipping by him on a difficult corner for his first Formula III win. The following year, Cheever hired a team manager and moved up to a Formula II. He acquitted himself well enough as a private entry to land a contract to drive for the powerful BMW factory team this season.

In six races this year, Cheever has driven his four-cylinder Ralt-BMW to a pair of second-place finishes, a third and a fourth. One of his second wins was moonlighting Formula I driver Jochen Mass at the Nürburgring, the perilous 14-mile circuit that snakes through the Eifel Mountains of Germany. Cheever had started from the 13th position after crashing his car during practice, but he charged through the field and bounded Mass the entire way. As his car crossed the finish line Cheever pumped both arms triumphantly and tens of thousands of spectators cheered "the young American" along with the Munich-born winner.

So what now? Cheever merely wants to be the youngest driver ever to earn the world championship. The late Bruce McLaren was 22 when he won his first Formula I race at Sebring, Fla., the youngest driver to win a Grand Prix. Emerson Fittipaldi became champion at the age of 25. Cheever believes that it is within his reach to eclipse both those marks. He is slightly over six feet tall and solidly built, though there remain a few traces of Boy Wonder fat from his rapidly retreating youth. He has heavy-lidded good looks and is an impeccable dresser who looks as if he should be chasing signorinas on the Via Veneto. But he does not smoke, drink or stay out late. A strict vegetarian, he exercises four hours a day to build stamina and has read every available technical treatise on racing. He has even attended special schools to improve his public speaking.

"Winning the world championship is my only aim in life," he says. "I can think of no one who has entered racing

continued

IBM Reports

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MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

more prepared to win it than I am. Everything I do, eat, think and breathe is directed at that. It has reached the point of obsession."

Whatever its drawbacks may be, Cheever's single-minded life-style seems to be paying off. He has been approached by several Formula I teams and feels almost certain that the right offer will come along before the Italian Grand Prix at Monza on Sept. 11. He would like very much to race there, and at the U.S. Grand Prix at Watkins Glen this October. Former world champion Jackie Stewart, who came up through Formula II on his way to winning the title three times (1969, '71 and '73), believes Cheever is at a critical period in his career.

"Eddie is one of five young drivers in Formula II with considerable potential," says Stewart. "But the step from Formula II to Formula I is a difficult one, and many good drivers don't make it." Stewart says that of those five top Formula II drivers, two may have already "ruined their careers" by signing too quickly with wrong racing teams just for the chance to drive in Formula I. "Many promising careers have been destroyed by ill-chosen affiliations," he says. "This is a very crucial time for a good young driver because there are a lot of people who would like to take advantage of him. There are only a handful of really good drivers in the world, and the attrition rate in Formula I is tremendously high. If he is confident of his ability, the best thing he can do is wait for the right factory team to come along."

For the moment, Cheever has enough on his mind and hands just battling for the Formula II championship. He is second in the standings, in the midst of a furious struggle with point leader René Arnoux, 24, Didier Pironi, 22, and 23-year-old Riccardo Patrese. With six of 14 races run, only 11 points currently separate the four rivals. But Cheever's jump to Formula I does not hinge solely on his taking the title. His performances thus far have been impressive enough to make that move almost a certainty. "The Ralt-BMW is not a car that is complementary to Cheever's driving style," notes Stewart. "He drives a very aggressive race, and he's not afraid to manhandle the car when it's giving him problems."

These days those are the least of Eddie Cheever's problems. Handling his vaulting ambition may take a bit more finesse.

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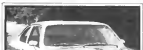


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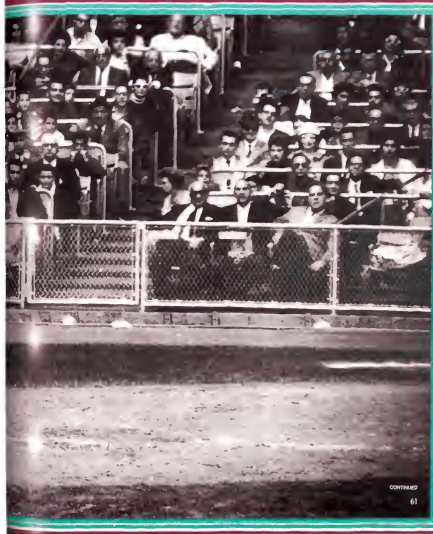
THE RECORD ALMOST



BROKE HIM

With 61st homers in '61, Roger Maris beat the Babe, but got belted for doing it. Now a beer distributor, Maris finds his bitter memories are getting sweeter

BY RICK TELANDER



CONTINUED



unday, Oct. 1, 1961, Yankee Stadium, Bronx, N.Y. Bottom of the fourth, nobody on, one out, no score. Roger Maris of the Yankees steps to bat for the second time in the final game of the season. Tracy Stallard, a 24-year-old rightlander for the Boston Red Sox, delivers a fast ball—"a strike, knee-high on the outside of the plate," he would say later.

Maris swings and everybody knows the ball is gone. In the melee in the right-field stands, Sal Durante, a teen-ager from Brooklyn, emerges with the home-run ball and becomes a footnote to history. Maris slowly circles the bases to a standing ovation from the crowd. Yogi Berra, the next batter, shakes his hand, as does the hot boy and an ecstatic fan who has leaped out of the stands. Maris disappears into the dugout, comes out again, doffs his cap and smiles. On the last possible day he has broken Babe Ruth's "unbreakable" record and hit 61 home runs in a season.

Wednesday, March 23, 1977, Perry Field, Gainesville, Fla. Roger Maris, beer distributor and 42-year-old father of six, stands in the Yankee dugout watching his old teammates prepare to play a spring-training game against the University of Florida. George Steinbrenner, the owner of the Yankees, approaches. "Hey, Rog," he says, "where's the beer?" Maris laughs and shrugs his shoulders. "You should have asked me earlier," he says.

Steinbrenner chuckles, but then his smile fades a bit. "You know, you're a hard guy to get a hold of, Roger," he

says. "You're hard to get to New York for just one day."

There is a pause. Maris' smile continues, but it is artificial now, as though propped up with toothpicks. Steinbrenner is referring to the annual Old Timers' Game, an event Maris has never attended since he left the Yankees in 1966. Maris has refused to visit Yankee Stadium for any reason.

"Why don't you come?" Steinbrenner says in a softer voice.

Maris stares out at the field. "They might shoot me," he says.

Steinbrenner's voice becomes solemn. "I'm telling you, Roger, you won't ever hear an ovation like the one you'd get if

you'd come back to Yankee Stadium.

Maris looks at the ground. "Maybe," he says without conviction, and the conversation is over.

After all these years, the man who hit more home runs in a season than any one else still has not recovered from the emotional turbulence of the summer of '61. Hounded ceaselessly by an aggressive sporting press and by fans who insist, for the long haul, Maris proved himself inadequate to the vast demands of public relations. It is uncertain whether anyone could have been adequate.

At times, 50 or more reporters packed the Yankee clubhouse to inter-

During two twilight seasons in St. Louis, Maris was a happy star. Although he hit only 14 home runs



view Maris that some of his teammates could not reach their lockers. Rather than clarifying his image, many of the reporters gadded at, filling their copy with adjectives as diverse as their own natures. At various times in 1961 Maris was described as "shy," "decent," "hot-headed," "low-key," "easily agitated," "decent and home-loving," "surly," "cooperative," "unselfish," "reticent," "talkative," "tute," "choleric," "self-pitying," "sacred," "wonderful," "sensible," "punctilious," "honest," "literate," "straight-forward" and "morose."

When it became apparent that Maris had a real shot at Ruth's record, the barrage of home-run questions intensified. A hundred times a day he was asked if he thought he could break the record, how soon, what had he done in his swing, what did he think of all this. "You can believe me or not—I don't care—but I honestly don't know," he would answer, when thinking became unbearable.

Never a patient man, Maris told reporters that if they thought he was surly, it was just too bad, because that was how he was going to stay. In one away game, angered by catcalls, he made obscene gestures to the crowd. In every road park, and frequently at Yankee Stadium, he was booed. He was, after all, chasing the immortal Babe, who hit his 60 home runs in 1927, before TV coverage and routine mass postgame interviews.

Autograph seekers grew vicious. "People would elbow up to Rog and yell, 'Give me your John Hancock!'" recalls teammate Moose Skowron, "so sometimes Rog would sign 'John Hancock.' Sometimes they'd say, 'Gimme yer X!'" So he'd sign X, I mean, how many hours can you put up with that garbage?"

Though he admitted to having a short fuse, Maris resented being labeled a redneck by the press. He stopped smiling, his mouth always seemed set in a tight frown. His hair began to fall out. His wife, leaving New York for Kansas City after giving birth to their fourth child, told him he looked like a molting bird. A private person, Maris found he could never be alone, and his statements became less and less printable. The needs of the public were not his needs, and the charm of understanding widened. In 1963 a reporter wrote that the trouble with Maris



At an impromptu reunion in Florida this spring, the MSM Boys reunited about the summer of '61

was not that he had problems with the press but that "he has proved to be such an unsatisfactory hero."

As a final dig at Maris' authenticity, Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick, an old friend of Babe Ruth's and a former sportswriter who once ghosted articles under Ruth's byline, decreed that Maris' record must go into the books accompanied by an asterisk. Thus, explained Frick, was because Maris played in a 162-game season, while Ruth played a 154-game schedule; 1961 was the year that baseball expanded its schedule to 162 games, and Maris' feat was the first baseball record thus qualified.

Since finishing his playing days in

1968, Maris has had little to do with baseball. He came to Perry Field this spring only because he has a few friends on the Yankees and because the team was now on his turf. "Baseball is just like a kid with a train," he told a reporter not long ago. "You got to outgrow it sometime." But there have been signs that Maris has not outgrown baseball, that very cautiously he is coming back to the game he never really wanted to leave. This year when he took his sons to a spring training game in Fort Myers, he even stepped into the batting cage to help the Royals' John Maberry work on his swing.

Nonetheless, long distance, over the phone, he had still been wary about be-

continued

ing interviewed. "I don't know," he said. "I don't need publicity anymore."

Would it help if the conversation had nothing to do with baseball, with the 61 homers or old times? "Well, see, that's another thing they've gotten wrong," he said. "I don't mind talking about baseball. It's just that every now and then I give another interview, and when it doesn't turn out right, I back off again."

Now, several days later, having agreed to talk, Maris sits behind his desk at the Maris Distributing Company near the Gainesville airport, taking business calls and feeling chipper. Judging from the furnishings, it is apparent that discussing baseball does not disturb him. In the foyer, a glass case holds several large trophies, including a metal crown presented to Maris by the Maryland Professional Baseball Players' Association for the most outstanding batting achievement of 1961. Across the front are engraved the words, "Sultan of Swat."

Numerous photographs, plaques and game mementos are on the walls of his office. One photograph shows Maris with President Kennedy. Another shows him and Mickey Mantle with President Truman. A framed blowup of a cartoon depicting Maris in quest of his 61 homers includes an inset of Ruth, looking heroic and somewhat sad. The caption at the bottom makes reference to the 154-game, 162-game controversy and ends with Ford Frick's quote in defense of the asterisk: "You can't break the 100-meter record in a 100-yard dash."

Next to the cartoon is a color photograph of the 1968 World Champion St. Louis Cardinals, Maris smiling in the front, flanked by Tim Lincecum, Bob Gibson, Lou Brock and Orlando Cepeda, among others. Maris played two twilight years for St. Louis—1967 and 1968—and he was much happier there than in New York. The team did well, the press eased off and the home fans did not boo. Cardinal President August A. Busch Jr. approved Maris for ownership of the Anheuser-Busch distributorship in Gainesville at the end of the '67 season. Maris, who had intended to retire, showed his gratitude by playing one more season. A valuable property in a thrifty college town, the distributorship (which handles Busch, Budweiser and

Michelob) enables Maris to maintain his independence, to stay away from anything to do with organized baseball.

Rumors once had it that Cepeda, another Cardinal slugger, was slated for a Busch outlet when his baseball days were over. Cepeda never got it, and recently ran afoul of the law. Maris, seeing Cepeda's picture on the wall, recalls his teammate.

"I heard there were some people in Boston who were supposed to help him, to try and get him off or something," Maris says. "He was from Puerto Rico, you know. Most of those guys could speak English, but communication can still be tough. I still remember this one Latin kid who played with me in the Three-I League. He couldn't speak a word of English. When he first came up, everybody ordered hamburger steaks for a meal. And, you know, that poor kid ate hamburger steak for I don't know how many months—for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It was the only word he knew for food. I went over to the Dominican Republic to play winter ball one year, and I really got mad when I couldn't get things across. I can imagine what it must be like for them up here."

Paunchier, fuller-faced and less hawk-eyed than the blond, crew-cut young athlete who, it was said, could have posed for a Marine recruiting poster, Maris seems at ease now, but somehow misplaced in his role as small-town businessman. He fidgets with his tie, pulls at the tight sleeves of his blue blazer. He is a man of action at a sit-down job.

His hair is now dark and long. When he leans forward it falls over his forehead and he pushes it back. "This hair in my eyes, this long stuff, it bothers me," he says with the irritation of someone who grew up believing in barber shops. "I'm about this close to getting a crew cut again. I really am. You know, it's hard these days when athletes and professors and everybody has long hair—it's hard for me to tell my kids to get theirs cut."

Maris looks at the family photos on the back wall of his office, the snapshots of his six blond children, aged 11 to 19, and his infant grandson. Always fiercely protective of his family, Maris never considered moving them to New York dur-

ing his years with the Yankees. "Never," he says quickly. "I knew it wasn't my permanent home. I don't like big cities. I don't like hustle and bustle." Patricia Maris and the kids lived instead in a suburb of Kansas City where Maris returned as soon as each season ended.

"It can be rough on you having five adolescent kids," Maris adds. "I shudder to think what would happen if they got up in the morning with nothing to do. Fortunately, we belong to a country club, and the boys are pretty interested in golf. Oh, they like baseball, too, but the private school they go to is too small to have a team. The only other thing around here is American Legion ball, and that can be rough when you have all those older boys to compete with."

"I don't push my kids into anything, but I think golf is a good clean sport—no broken bones or anything like that. And if you ever make the pro tour, who, you don't even have to win. You can do fine just finishing near the top."

"Roger Jr., my oldest boy, is going to sign a basketball scholarship next week with a junior college north of here. He's 6'4" and he loves basketball. Of course he loves baseball, too, but the thing is..." Maris hesitates, his voice becoming harder, his gray eyes taking on a steeled look. "Well, some of those coaches are different, and just because he's Roger Maris Jr., some of them start getting on him. And I think he just got tired of it and said the hell with baseball. I'll tell you, if I had it to do all over again I never would have named him that."

Maris spins the large World Series ring he wears on his right hand, one of three championship rings he got during his 12-year career. "The thing is," he says with a shrug, "how would you know?"

It would have been hard to predict that the name Roger Maris would someday be famous. Raised in Fargo, N. Dak., the son of a railroad man, Maris was a star football and basketball player at a school that did not field a baseball team. "I'd have played college football if I'd been smart enough to get into school," Maris told a reporter in 1960. Trying to make a career of baseball, instead, he was told after a tryout with the Chicago Cubs that he was too small for the game. At the time Maris was 5'11½" and 190

continued

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MARIS continued

pounds, and the judgment made no sense. But Maris has always looked smaller than he is. Later, managers would say he "undressed big."

After several years of American Legion ball, Maris was finally signed to Cleveland, and in 1957, his first big league season, he hit 14 home runs and batted .235. In 1958 he was traded to Kansas City and hit 28 home runs while batting .240. In 1959 he raised his average to .273, but he hit only 16 homers.

In 1960 he and two lesser A's were traded to the Yankees for Don Larsen, Marv Throneberry, Hank Bauer and Norm Siebern, and he gave the first indication that power was his specialty. On Opening Day he hit two home runs, a double and a single and drove in four runs. That year he had 39 homers and 112 RBIs and was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player, even though a sore rib caused him to slump badly in August and September.

At the beginning of 1961 even bigger things were expected of him. Before his rib injury in '60, Maris had been ahead of Ruth's pace, and his compact, lashing swing seemed custom-made for Yankee Stadium's short right-field fence. But in April of '61, Maris hit only one homer; by mid-May he had only three. Then he loosened up with the heat, and his production rose dramatically. He hit 20 by June 11, 30 by July 2, 40 by July 25. In August, against Washington and Chicago, Maris all but burst into flames, belting seven home runs in six games.

The last two—Nos. 47 and 48—came off Billy Pierce, the Chicago left-hander. Those were significant blows because Maris supposedly could not hit left-handers. In 1953, while playing Class C ball, he had been struck in the head by a pitch from a lefty, and for a long time afterward he had a tendency to flinch out of the close ones. "Getting hit in the head," says Maris, "The last thing you remember is lapsing over the plate, and the next thing you remember is riding in the ambulance. I can still feel the imprint of that ball on my temple, it's still tender. In '53 we didn't even wear batting helmets."

Pierce claims Maris' home-run record never entered his mind when he was pitching to him in 1961. "To tell you the truth," he says, "I don't even remember

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MARIS continued

giving up those two homers. I do remember that you usually tried to pitch Roger inside. Or if you went outside, you wanted it way outside. And of course, you didn't walk Roger to get to Mantle."

Mickey Mantle, the affable golden boy contrasting with the brooding Maris, was in the midst of an outstanding year himself in 1961. Together the "M & M Boys" blasted 115 homers—61 for Maris, 54 for Mantle—a major league record for teammates. It soon became part of the skeptics' argument that were it not for Mantle's batting cleanup, Maris never would have seen the pitches he did, never would have approached even 50 home runs. (In fact, all the Yankees aided one another. Six different players hit 20 or more home runs in 1961, and the team total of 240 is by far the most ever hit by one club in a season.)

In the team's 159th game Maris finally hit his 60th homer, tying Ruth's record. Five days later he hit the 61st, and as the dust cleared, he said that he was immensely—exhaustedly—relieved, that he could never go through the same experience again. But instead of the public nightmare dissipating, as Maris hoped, it reappeared in a different form. Now everyone wanted to know if Maris could repeat his feat. There were many—fans, reporters, players—who felt he had to, to prove his legitimacy. But in 1962 Maris hit only 33 home runs, and after that he never hit more than 26 in a season. In his last four years he averaged slightly less than nine.

The notion that Maris was a fluke, that he was not in Ruth's class in anything—skill, endurance, personality, charisma—gained credence. He was, to many, not worthy of being considered Ruth's equal. He would never make the Hall of Fame, they said. (He hasn't.) Forgotten were Maris' outstanding arm, his fielding skills, his baserunning, his three years of 100 or more RBIs, his two MVP trophies—he got his second, of course, in 1961—his many debilitating injuries, the fact that he never claimed to be anything more than a man "just doing my job."

After 1961 fans booed him as routinely as they ordered hot dogs. Some sportswriters gloated over his failings, crediting themselves for much of his fame. "If it weren't for sportswriters," said Tom-

my Devine of the Miami News in 1962, "Roger Maris would probably be an \$18-a-week clerk in the A&P back in Missouri." On a "home-run derby" tour in the South after the '61 season, Maris reached one of the low points of his career. Playing before almost deserted stands, he was jeered by children each time he took a pitch or hit a ball that did not clear the fence.

In New York the press continued to pursue him. Though Maris had informed reporters that he led "the most boring existence you can imagine," that he didn't read, didn't drink, didn't go out, that world events held no interest for him, that he tried to get 10 hours of sleep a night, they would not quit.

"Some of the questions they asked me!" says Maris, his eyes narrowing again. "I remember one writer asked what I did on the road. I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Well, do you go out with girls, fool around, anything like that?' I said, 'I think I'm married, if I remember correctly.' He said, 'Well, so am I, but I still go out and fool around.' I said, 'You do whatever you want. I don't do it.' I mean, that's an intelligent question, isn't it? Especially with about a hundred reporters around me. Then another brilliant guy asks, 'What would you rather do, bat .300 or hit 61 home runs?' That's a hell of a question. How many guys hit .300 and how many hit 61 home runs? Doesn't common sense tell you what you answer to something like that?"

Maris shakes his head. "I tried to get along with them, but it just didn't work. I think the problem was that at a certain point the baseball writers got to be gossip columnists. I'm not speaking of some of the old, polished writers—I mean this new breed that came in around 1961. They weren't there to write what happened on the field. And the Yankees, with the experience they'd had, they should have been able to see the whole thing coming. But they did nothing. They just let you stew in your own brew, baby."

"I used to sit at the Stadium for three and four hours after games, until the last reporter was gone. That's wrong. I know there was competition among the writers, and I guess there were times when I got things going, too. Like for years, Willie Mays said that he'd play for nothing,

I always maintained I was playing for my family and my bread and butter, and when the bread or butter's not there, I'm not there. So the headlines come out that I'm playing strictly for money, which wasn't true, because I loved the game, too. The press was making me a—what do you call it?—a whipping boy.

"What's funny is that when I first came to the Yankees everybody was giving Mantle a bad time. Why, I don't know. But when I got there, all of that stuff just sort of slid off him and came onto me. I was the one assaulting baseball, apple pie, Chevrolet, the whole works. That's when Mickey got to be the golden boy."

Though the potential for conflict between the two stars was there, it never materialized. Maris and Mantle liked each other, even shared an apartment for a time. When the going got particularly rough for Maris, Mantle would often try to soothe his friend, telling him he would have to get used to the pressure.

"I saw Mickey about two weeks ago," says Maris. "The first time in a while. He was in Florida for a golf tournament. Did the paper get any pictures of us together? No, I don't get along too well with the local press. There's a sports editor here who hammered me in a column a while back, so I told him to do me a favor and just leave me completely out of the paper. Now I even see wire stories in the other papers that the Gainesville paper doesn't run." Maris chuckles with glee over the turnaround.

Leaning back, he furrows his brow and studies for a moment. "Did you happen to see that book Joe Pepitone wrote?" he asks. He whistles softly, obviously pleased the book isn't his own autobiography. "There's stuff about Joe's wife before their wedding and about Joe and other girls and all that. I mean, his children have to read that someday. Joe just wasn't that bad a guy. He had talent. He could sing on stage—when we were at a bar he'd get up there and sing. I thought he was good. He could dance, too. And he was funny. I don't know, I just think you can go to confession without the whole world knowing it."

The subject turns to another athlete-writer, Jim Bouton, the former Yankee pitcher and author of *Ball Four*. In the book Bouton took several shots at Mar-

is, alluding, among other things, to his alleged shallowness and lack of hustle.

"Jim Bouton," says Maris. "Now there's a guy I never had anything to do with. I didn't like him. He had ability, too, but his head was more his problem. He was the kind of guy who, if somebody made an error behind him, would come up with, 'It's all your fault,' instead of just pitching harder. He couldn't get on me, though, because I didn't want him around. In his book he called me the biggest loafer he'd ever seen, which was a compliment compared to what he wrote about the other guys."

"It's strange, but nobody's interested in anything nowadays unless you're knocking people. Sour grapes. Everytime somebody interviews me, that's all they say—Maris is sour about this, bitter about that. I personally have no interest in ever doing a book. All the things that happened, it's water down the drain, right? I don't think anybody is interested in what I have to say now."

Later in the day Maris drives to the Gainesville Hilton to await the arrival of the Yankees for their night game with the University of Florida. In the hotel restaurant he orders a sandwich and a Budweiser Natural Lite beer. The beer is a new low-calorie brew that Anheuser-Busch is test-marketing in Maris' district, and he is certain it will be a success. "Everybody's on a diet, now," Maris says. "I'm up to 230, though people still guess my weight at around 185 or 190." He puts his ample belly. His hands are large and strong, and his wrists are as thick as a blacksmith's.

"I was always a wrist hitter," he says. "Mickey had a hard and big swing, but mine was short and quick. And I always pulled the ball—I hit only one left-field home run the whole time I played in Yankee Stadium. Most of my home runs were line drives, too, but I did hit some towering ones. My 57th and 58th hit the roof of Tiger Stadium in Detroit, and in Kansas City I hit one out onto the street. I think only seven or eight players had ever done that."

The waitress returns and informs Maris that they are out of Natural Lite beer. He drinks water instead, and mentions that he'll have to get on the manager about this. Then the conversation, per-

continued

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MARIS *continued*

haps inevitably, drifts back to 1961. "People say '61 was a fluke,'" Maris says. "But it wasn't. It was unusual in that most of the balls I hit hard went out that year. In '62 I hit the ball even better, but they all seemed to be sinking line drives. I mean 'fluke'—what's a 'fluke'? Babe Ruth only hit 60 home runs once, so was that a fluke? How many times do you have to do something?"

A few minutes later the Yankee bus arrives, and Maris stands just inside the lobby doors, eagerly watching the procession of players entering the hotel. He has visibly perked up, now paces back and forth, looking for faces. Dock Ellis, Roy White and Lou Piniella file through the door, and Maris greets each of them. He says hello to Catfish Hunter and then pumps hands excitedly with Yogi Berra and Manager Billy Martin.

Still watching the doorway, Maris' eyes abruptly light up and a large smile spreads over his face. "Well, look who did make it!" he shouts.

Tanned, with an open-necked shirt, young-man blond bangs and blue eyes set in a craggy, weathered face, Mantle walks into the lobby. The two old teammates greet each other warmly and within minutes are comfortably seated in the hotel bar. Martin joins them, and the stories spill out. Drinking stories, golf stories, women stories—locker-room talk. Mantle is traveling with the Yankees as a special batting coach, and Maris is delighted to learn they will be able to sit together in the Yankee dugout.

In the locker room before the game, Mantle dresses in a Yankee uniform. He is 45 now and, despite his broad shoulders and big biceps, he looks ludicrous in the uniform of a young man. "Look at this, Rog," he says, handing his new glove to Maris. "Ain't that just too big?"

Maris inspects the cavernous mitt and agrees that, yes, it is too large. The conversation turns to the old days.

"When did you quit playing?" Mantle asks.

"I was 34. It was long enough, Mick." "You could've kept playing."

"Now, in 1968, when they saw my hand was hurt and I couldn't hit the fast-ball, I was through." Maris grabs a beer from the cooler and follows Mantle into the restroom, never once stopping the

chatter. Later, in the dugout, Maris looks at Mantle, who is leaning back eating peanuts. "Hey, Mick," he says. "After signing all those autographs, you gonna take a shower?" They both burst into laughter. Maris stands against the wall, his arms around his youngest son, Richard, enjoying himself hugely. Earlier he had said that one of his biggest pleasures since moving to Gamesville was being able to remain anonymous. But this is different.

In the fifth inning, Centerfielder Mickey Rivers hits a home run over the right-field fence. Maris turns to Reggie Jackson, who is selecting a bat from the rack. Like Ruth and Maris, Jackson is a left-handed-hitting outfielder whose specialty is home runs. Pressure will seek him out, too. Maris points to the fence. "That's what I want, Reggie," he says.

In the eighth Jackson hits a sizzling 360-foot line-drive double that isn't high enough to clear the fence. Later, when he scores, he trots over to Maris. "Rog, that was for you," he says. "I want you to remember me for something. I want to at least get mentioned in the same paragraph with you some day." Reggie Jackson is smiling, but his voice is filled with deference.

After the game Jackson sits on a stool in the locker room and explains how he feels about Maris. "I have so much admiration for the man," he says solemnly. "For the mental part almost more than the physical. I mean, can you imagine what it's like to hit 61 home runs in a season? In New York? It's like hitting .400. With the way the press is today, it would take a new breed of man to do it again, a deaf and dumb man would have the best chance. People don't know what Roger had to go through—he had to act the way he did to maintain his sanity. Believe me, people just don't understand."

Maris stands in the center of the locker room, drinking a beer, swapping jokes, relishing the ball game, relishing the reunion with his old game. If someone were to ask him if he cared anymore whether people understood or not, he would certainly say no. But that would not be the case. He hasn't forgotten the boos. But after more than a decade, it might be time he went back to Yankee Stadium. He would never forget the sound he would hear there now, either.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 6-12

BASEBALL—The Chicago White Sox made **HAROLD BAINES**, an 18-year-old outfielder, first baseman from South Michigan, I.G., the first player selected in the major league draft, held in New York.

PRO BASKETBALL—Milwaukee made Indiana's **KENT BENSON** the No. 1 pick in the eight-round NBA college draft. The Bucks had two other first-round picks, UCLA's Marques Johnson and Tennessee's Ernie Grant. Indiana City made Houston's Eric Burdick the No. 2 pick and later selected a 27-year-old from Cleveland College named Bruce Iles.

BOWLING—**GENNIS LANE**, 25, clinched his first PBA title and \$6,000 by defeating Tony Martin 223-203 in the final game of the Portland Open.

GOLF—On the strength of his record-making 59 in the second round, **AL GULBEGIAN** won the Danny Thomas Memphis Golf Classic by three shots over Gary Player and Jerry McGee. Golberg finished with a 15 under-par 273 and picked up \$40,000 for his 10th consecutive victory.

Japan's **CHIKU HIGUCHI** shot a final-round 69 for a five-under-par 278 to win the Ladies Professional Golf Association championship by three strokes over Pat Bradley. Judy Rankin and Sandra Fox in Northridge, Calif., finished with \$2,500 for their first victory on the American tour.

USC's **SCOTT SIMPSON** shot his second straight NCAA title, finishing a one-over-par 289 to beat Lee Makus of Arizona State by one stroke at Colgate University, Hamilton, N.Y. The University of Houston won its 13th team title, overcoming Oklahoma State 1,191-1,205.

HARNESS RACING—**NAT LOVELL**, 57-00, won the \$100,000 Rube de Krommeyer while B.G. Bunting, first across the finish line in the one-mile race, was disqualified for interference and placed second.

HORSE RACING—**SEATTLE SLEW** (12-0) became the first undefeated horse ever to win the Triple Crown, coming to a four-length victory over Ruff Dooty River in the 100th running of the Belmont Stakes. Willie Jester Crigant in the saddle. Slew covered the mile and a half in 2:29 (page 16).

HYDROPLANEING—Defending national champion **BILL MULNEEY** beat Tom Shewby by four seconds in the championship heat to win his sixth President's Cup race on the Potomac River in Washington, D.C. Mul-

neey, who drove an Alfa Van Lede Unlimited, averaged 161.465 mph over the 370-mile course.

MOTOR SPORTS—Belgian **JACKY ICKX** drove his Porsche 936 from the 41st starting position to win his third straight Le Mans 24 Hours. Ickx, whose co-drivers were Jürgen Barth and Harley Heywood, saw a record of 141.36 mph for one 8 1/2-mile lap.

SOCCER—Reluctant to the beach this season, Kyle Rote Jr. seems to be regaining the form that made him the best-known American in the game. Rote had five goals in Dallas' 3-2 win over Toronto and that became the Torontonians' all-time leading scorer. Two nights later, Rote had three goals as Dallas topped Houston 3-0 and moved past Los Angeles for the Southern Division lead. The New York Cosmos opened up a nine-point lead in the East, beating Fort Lauderdale 3-0 in the high-profile trio of Peter Giorgio, Chirag and Frank Beckenbauer, each contributed a goal, and then edging Minnesota 3-1 in the NASL showdown.

TENNIS—**WTT** The largest crowd (13,575) in league history watched Phoenix beat New York 27-34 in Madison Square Garden. Chris Evert won women's singles play with a 601 winning percentage, beat Billie Jean King 6-3 and then combined with Kriesten Shaw to beat King and Virginia Wade 6-4. The Appleby (17-15) belted back to take their next three matches and to meet with Roscoe (18-4) in the East. Lohman, Marlene Noren and Green Stevens combined their unblemished doubles string to 20, one short of the league record. In the West, the Kangaroos added a 30-19 victory over Cleveland to their win in New York and earned a 27-26 tie over Golden Gate into the three-week Washington break.

TRACK & FIELD—**EDWIN MORGES** broke his world record in the 400-meter hurdle with a time of 47.45 seconds at the IWA national AAU championships in Los Angeles. 19 second-best was his 1976 Olympic world record. Outstanding performances included **OWEN STONES**' 7:04 1/2 high jump, **MILAN TITOV**'s wind-aided 57'11" victory in the triple jump and **STEVE SCOTT**'s 37.3 in the 1500 meter (page 26).

VOLLEYBALL—The IFA launched its third season with seven teams, one more than last year. Poland's Ed Stork, who led his country to a gold medal in the 1976 Olympics, opened the El Paso/Juarez bid against the Phoenix Heat 12-6, 12-4, 17-15. Phoenix got off to a distinctly under-par start with three straight losses. Player-Coach Dodge Parker of the Denver Cosmos, the only team with no foreign players, dis-

tressed his team to a rousing 12-1, 12-6, 12-9 win over the defending champion San Diego Breakers.

MLB REPORTS—Elected **ALEX DELVECCHIO**, 75, recently retired coach and general manager of the Detroit Red Wings, to Jerry's Hall of Fame. Delvecchio played 23 years with the Red Wings at a center, scoring 456 goals and 825 assists.

MARRIED **BILL BRUNELL**, 43, former Boston Celtics star and Seattle SuperSonics coach and general manager, to Dick Amato, 29. Mrs. Amato in 1968 at Mercer Island, Wash.

NAMED **JIM KENSIL**, 46, as president of the New York Jets. Kensil, who had been executive director of the NFL since 1968, was named **LEON HEISS**, who will be coach chairman of the board.

SALE The NHL's **CLEVELAND BARONS**, formerly located in California Bay Area for the sixth time in their troubled 10-year history, to a group headed by San Francisco General and George Gund III.

SYNDICATED **DIL BLURNE**, who matched the world pacing record for the mile at 1:54.6 in a 3-year-old in 1974 for \$2.7 million—\$3.5 million—was the only pacifier ever syndicated for more.

WON By University of Maryland head coach Lally Dwyer, the recruiting battle for **ALBERT KING** (51, Feb. 7, 1977), the 6'6" forward from Brooklyn's Fort Hamilton High who averaged 38 points and 28 rebounds per game this season and was named the top high school basketball player in the country.

DIED **DICK (Dick) FARRELL**, 41, a National League pitcher for Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Houston from 1956-69, in a head-on automobile collision, in Great Yarmouth, England. Farrel's career record was 36-118.

DIED **RODNEY BOSCH**, 25, heavyweight boxer, in a car accident near Beverly Hills. Bosch, younger brother of Donnie, had a professional record of 18-7.

CREDITS

4—Judy Cooke 11—Shirley by SOW 16-17—Tony Tait 18—Manny Mullan (2) Jimmy Cooke (page 16) 20-21—Herald Krumm 22-23—Ken Carlson 24—George Long 25—George Long 26-27—John G. Zimmerman Ray Fisher 40—Tony Tait 44—Art Shy 46-47—Jim Shuman 48—Motor Magazine 49-50—Tony Tait 51-52—Col. Francis Rick Tait 53—Ronald R. Reed Richard Gardner The Commercial Appeal-Best Doctors Indianapolis News

FACES IN THE CROWD

BETH BROWN
GOLFER

Beth, a senior at North-west High School, won her second consecutive all-round title, as well as the floor exercise and the uneven bar event, in the Nebraska girls' gymnastics championships. She has led the Huskers (13-0) to three state titles.



JIMMY HINES
CORNELL VALLEY COACH

Hines, 73, winner of five PGA events in 1936-37 and now a consultant on course design, has shot his age on a championship-size course ever since he was 64. His best this year was a four-under-par 68 at El Dorado in Indian Wells, Calif.



KEVIN BRASWELL
MOTORIST

Kevin, 18, a pitcher-thrower for Ridgeway High, belted 410 in 29 hits, setting a record in Memphis for total hits for the second straight year. Kevin also pitched a perfect game against East High, striking out 13 of the 18 batters he faced.

JOHN GAMBOLE
GOLFER

John, 18, won 53 tennis matches without a loss, raising his four-year record to 179-5, as he led Central High to two consecutive state championships. John also played (left wing) on Central's state hockey champs in 1975, '76 and '77.



DIANE BUDA
TENNIS PLAYER

Diane, a sophomore at Carmel High, became the first girl in Indiana to break five minutes in the mile, running 4:58.2 in her second varsity meet. Still, her time in 7.7 seconds off the national women's high school record, held by Eryn Forbes.



HELEN CAMPBELL
JACKSON

Helen, a senior at Jackson Memorial High and two-time state discus champion, is the youngest U.S. women's high school discus thrower. She had a recent best of 165' 11" at the AAU national championships held at UCLA.

REISPOL

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Famine for his very human story (*In Cuba, It's Viva El Grand Old Game*, June 6). I anticipate, however, the usual rash of letters that will castigate SI for delving into a political issue. To this expected response, I say if the Famine article is political, so is every other article dealing with sports in any publication. What are sports if they are not reflections of the political systems that govern us?

BILL SHULMAN
Jacksonville

RANDLE

Sir:

How can you praise a guy like Lenny Randle (*One Mindless Moment*, June 6)? I admit he is an exceptional ballplayer, but his attacking Lucchesi because of being called a punk was inexcusable. I'm all for Lucchesi taking him to criminal court.

GLEN JONES
San Angelo, Texas

Sir:

The Mets finally have a player who keeps his mouth shut and plays ball. His aggressiveness on the base paths and his batting average have proved that he deserves his \$40,000 a year.

JOHN TURNERY III
Glen Wald, N.Y.

Sir:

No one, not even an athlete as talented as Randle, could return a punt for Arizona State to beat Arizona in a football game and then lead the Wildcats to the NCAA baseball championships later the same year. Randle played for the Arizona State Sun Devils and not the University of Arizona Wildcats. Confusing the two schools may be petty to you, but down here it would warrant reprisal from vigilantes.

GIL HILDEB
RICHARD BRYEA
LEROY THOMPSON
Tucson

A.J. VS. THE BIRD

Sir:

Incredible. On May 29 a man performed a feat never before accomplished in the history of auto racing. A. J. Foyt won his fourth Indianapolis 500, an event that has the greatest single-day attendance of any sport anywhere. And yet, your cover depicted the Bird, a losing pitcher on one of the worst teams in all of baseball.

THOMAS N. OLVEY
MARK A. POPE
Indianapolis

Sir:

One man does not a team make. Yes, Mark Fidrych throws bubblegum at opposing players, uses the biggest bat and draws fans by talking to baseballs. But what about the pennant, the World Series, the total team concept? The Bird is one big turkey and so are the Tigers.

CHRIS NETTER
Pittsburgh

WILLIG AND ABLE

Sir:

Sam Moses' piece on George Willig's journey up the World Trade Center (*The Only Way To Go Is Up*, June 6) should be adopted by college English departments for its symbolic expression of the meaning of life. It's also good to know that all Americans have not succumbed to the idea that climbing to positions at the top level of government or business is the only road to fulfilling one's existence.

TONY DIFRANCESCO
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Sir:

Real spunk and genius went into both George Willig's climb of the 110-story World Trade Center and Sam Moses' article covering the extraordinary event. Thanks, SI, for recognizing true sportsmanship—the almost forgotten dream of challenging an “unconquered mountain.” Reading Moses' personal account of the series of events leading up to the actual climb and his colorful account of Willig's feat really made me want to stand up and cheer.

DUANE M. BRANAGAN
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir:

When it's all said and done, when the touchdowns have been scored, the dunks have been slammed, the par-fives eagled and the winners have taken all, there will still be only the one man who did with his brain, his muscle and his courage what no one had ever done before. I nominate George Willig for Sportsman of the Year.

ROBERT FRANKLIN
Greensboro, N.C.

Sir:

Your assumption is that the country has been lifted by this triumph of the human spirit, but in my estimation the support given Willig by the press can only be destructive. A few years ago when Philippe Petit walked a tightrope between the Center's towers, he apparently triggered the motivation for daredevils such as Willig, and now the tremendous publicity will probably inspire others to seek such instantaneous fame, others who may not

be as surefooted as their predecessors. When one of these Petit-Willig prodigies ends up face down in front of a skyscraper, the blame for his death will fall on those who laughed off or actively encouraged the previous attempts.

KEVIN MICHAEL MIMS
Sacramento

NISSALKE DEFENDED

Sir:

You made a bad call with your conclusion that Houston Rocket Coach Tom Nissalke is irresponsible and a poor sport (*Scorecard*, May 30). His address to the crowd was delivered in reasoned tones 10 minutes after the end of the game with Philadelphia. The crowd had settled down, and there were at most 2,000 fans still in the Sumner.

Nissalke is so under control during games that he seems a breed apart from most pro coaches. Not only did he deserve the NBA Coach of the Year award, but he should also be acclaimed Most Sportsmanlike NBA Coach of the Year.

WILLIAM JACOB TANNER
Houston

Sir:

Houston is not my favorite NBA team and Tom Nissalke is hardly my favorite coach. Nevertheless, both the club and the coach deserve better treatment than you accorded them.

The entire episode you describe was the inevitable result of egregious officiating that has plagued the league for decades. I began attending NBA games in Fort Wayne in 1942. Officiating in those days was poor, but since then it has gotten progressively worse. Playing skills have vastly improved, however, and the gap between improving play and deteriorating officiating has become a vast gulf. I no longer attend NBA games because the mediocre officiating is an affront to players, coaches, fans and commentators.

RICHARD L. MORTON
Carlisle, Pa.

Sir:

The real fault for the deplorable situation must rest with the NBA itself. The league left itself wide open by failing to provide the two best referees in the league for the game (there were no other games that day) and employing Jake O'Donnell and Joe Gushue, both residents of the Philadelphia area. While the place of residence of the two officials probably didn't affect their decisions, it opened the door to valid and embarrassing criticism of the league.

MATTHEW KEMPLE
Houston

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

Sir,

If Nimslike was so wrong, then Gene Shue and Tommy Heinsohn should be put away forever. Both constantly abuse the referees and have virtually every NBA official in the palms of their hands. Heinsohn and Shue are the "deplorable" ones, but so far, at any rate, I've never read a single criticism in SI against either one.

ARDELL SCHAEFFER
Houston

VOLLEYBALL

Sir,

Your article on the U.S. Volleyball Association National Championships (*The Big Cy Wasn't One But Shy*, May 23) was fine, but it really missed the major story of the tournament, the major star of the games and possibly the dominant force of the next few years. I'm talking about Flo Hyman, the 6'5" black woman who led the South Bay Spikers to the women's championship. She had just returned from the North Central American and Caribbean Championships (NORCECA) where she led a resurgent American women's team to second place behind Cuba and where she was honored as the outstanding player in the event.

Flo Hyman's quality as a player and as an individual was reflected in everything she did in Hilo. She dominated the tournament like no other player ever has, turning a team of good players into a great team. She deserves all of the individual credit bestowed upon her and merits wider recognition.

ALBERT M. MONACO JR.
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
United States Volleyball Association
San Francisco

THE OPTIMIST

Sir,

We were delighted with your article on Phil Woosnam (*Nothing But Blue Skies Does Woosnam See*, May 30) and glad you got a picture of the Woosnam smile. Since he first arrived in Atlanta I have often thought that with all that fantastic energy and enthusiasm, if one were looking for an illustration to define "infectious" smile, he would be the perfect subject.

The dedication and zeal he also infectious. Woosnam's belief in his sport and in its future attracted a dedicated band of converts even if the box office could not produce a profit quickly enough for owners. We still believe soccer can succeed in Atlanta. Incidentally, Woosnam is the only coach who has ever brought a major league championship to the city.

BILLIE S. ERWIN
Stone Mountain, Ga.

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